

In this edition...

City Councillor

More on student loans proposals

Burger King revealed

Who is Alice White?

Monster X giveaway

Innis' opening of its first rez.



## Consumer Takeover

In this age of excess and consumerism, traditions have evolved into a commodity. The pagan spirit of Hallowe'en has been lost amidst the shuffle of insane worship to the candy god -- "CANDY, candy, we want more" scream pastily-dressed children as they scamper through the leaf-strewn streets. And what of Christmas? Companies nowadays are cashing in on our gullible minds salivating for more products.

Christmas and Hallowe'en are mere examples of traditions gone awry. Not that I'm a devout believer of either faith but I do cherish their simple beginnings.

After the hustle and bustle of such chaotic holidays have dissipated, there are no lingering remnants of

sweet, warm memories, but disgruntled customers who complain about what they did and didn't get, no second thought to perhaps the meaning embedded within Gift X. We don't care who got us what and why, but how much we received and where it'll fit in our golden lives of plasticity.

Perhaps I am hoping for the impossible, but hey, I'm an idealist simply crying for the loss of imagination -- Where has it gone? People no longer rely on themselves for entertainment but on propaganda advertising glossy products to show them the way. All I ask of you is don't sell yourself short -- there is some vestige of creativity and imagination left in you yet -- you just haven't looked for it.

## Vivre l'Herald Libre!

Free speech. Civil rights. Freedom of the press. Freedom of expression. Terms to live by, to believe in and to cherish. As students we preserve these ideals as our rights of passage. Freedom of thought enables us to constantly re-examine the world, its problems and its systems. Without freedom our revolutionary ideas would stagnate and compress, unable to spread or take root.

Freedom... a synonym for youth. But even here, at Innis College, freedom meets opposition. Not from the establishment, not from the Young Reformers, not even from senile professors who believe free thought means memorizing the bar code of their textbooks. But ourselves. Students. Young minds.

The *Herald* has received complaints from certain quarters about the "quality" and "style" of some articles published in the paper. To these "journalistic overseers" the articles in question are "childish", "unsophisticated", "pointless" or just plain "shit". A favourite saying comes to mind: "One

man's meat is another man's poison." (Sorry about the gender specific language; "person" didn't seem to fit.)

Apart from being elitish, ego-centric and malicious, their point of view is also undemocratic. The *Herald* is not a magazine written for a specific target group, (namely its subscribers). The only people the *Herald* writes for are students -- Innisites in particular -- and students are by nature a culturally- and intellectually-diverse group.

We cannot afford, nor do we want, to exclude the work of students because somebody taking up space in the Innis office or slouching around the Pit thinks it more suitable for toilet paper. The *Herald* is not just written FOR students, it is written BY students. And it is also PAID for by all Innis students (approximately 8.8% of your I.C.S.S. fee goes towards the *Herald*). All reasons why the *Herald* should be representative of the entire college, not just some David Frum wannabe.

Tut, tut. I thought Innis brought you up better than that.

N.B. If there are some spots, blame the washer. And 5 am gremlins in the machine. Maybe Rurals and Urbans, with lula lipson wanting to have some fun. NOT! Extra thanks to the nomenclator, to which none of this could have been possible. Thanks, from the pandamon.

## Quote from our Prez:

*"Because basically...  
I don't know..."*

-Aaron Magney  
ICSS President

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Mondays 10, 12 - 6 pm, Tuesday 12 - 7pm  
Wednesday 1 - 6, Thursdays 12 - 3 pm  
Friday 10, 12 - 4pm

### Deadline for January Issue:

Friday, December 9, 1994.

The Innis Herald is a monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted must be accompanied by the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body.

## bingo in the rain???

By Erin Beth Southwood

O.K. Today it was raining. Now to a normal person this may be considered a mild inconvenience, but, to me, an individual who does not wear shoes, it pisses me off! I could handle it when it got a little cold -- I just wore another pair of socks, but rain! -- ahhh! I received from my friends some suggestions to cope with the elements, like the childhood "plastic-bags-on-my-feet-to-keep-out-the-water" idea.

Did your mother ever make you do that as a child? Mine did, only be-

cause I refused to wear ugly plastic boots. I insisted on wearing those little white tennis shoes that you could buy for \$3.00 at Bi-Way (yeah I admit I shopped there). Anyway, after coming home, feet drenched, with a cold, my mother said it was the boots or the plastic bags. I figured I could take the bags off when I got to school and no one would know the difference, whereas with boots it would be a little more obvious when there were a pair of yellow galoshes sitting below my coat in the cloakroom. So every day it rained I wore the bags over my shoes, with

elastics around my ankles to hold them in place. It surprisingly worked. My feet were dry and my mother was happy, even if I did look a little strange and made a plastic squeaking sound as I walked.

I do not think as a university student, I could walk around wearing plastic milk-bags on my feet. I cannot imagine what my professors would think. That reminds ... this is to those five guys (and everyone -- you know who you are) who looked at me a little strange as I stare at the ground to avoid walking on glass or other Toronto side-walk crap. I

heard your cold comment "Hey she's not wearing any shoes!" So what? You may be hindered by the materialistic ideals of a society that insists on flaunting their personality (or lack of) through their clothing choices, but I am not.

O.K., if you have read this much, you probably either hate me or think I'm perhaps a couple pumpkins short of a patch (I love Hallowe'en). Well, not to worry, because you are not alone. My roommates will swear on CNN that I am a lunatic. Wait -- I have something better ...

Last week I was at a little-known pub, the Orange Snail on York Campus (don't cringe at the word York -- my best friend goes there), so I was there for the purpose of participating in a bingo tournament (hey, bingo's fun). Anyway, during the course of the evening, this young man and his companion at a nearby table seemed to be showing an interest in the female counterparts at my table. We were uninterested (jocks are just not our thing) but decided to humour them in between bingo games. The man (who never did tell me his name) began the conversation with some clever (ha ha) typical line or something. My friend retorted sarcastically, "Hey, you must be a visual-arts student" To which he replied (and I still can't believe this one), "Me? No! I'm straight, honest, I'm straight!" Yeah, O.K., sure, like we were inquiring about your sexual orientation? I cannot conceive that there are students (who are supposed to be educated) that still believe in these types of stereotypes. Let's just say we did not exactly prolong the conversation.

The most frightening thing about all this is that he never realized how he offended us. He repeated several times throughout the evening (especially after we threw some bingo chips in his beer), "What? Did I say something wrong?" For the sake of entertainment I allowed my friend to humiliate him throughout the evening, even if it meant he had to sit at our table. I just hope this attitude is not prevalent throughout the vast portion of my generation's male population. I have a bad feeling, though, that still we have a long way to go ...

## who is alice white??

(a piece of crack investigative reporting, and it may well be my last)

By Daniel Currie Hall

On Saturday, October 15, some 300 people gathered outside the Ottawa Congress Centre to protest against the 1,400 people inside the centre. The people inside were Reform Party delegates, busy voting to oppose gun control legislation, the Official Languages Act, and the Employment Equity Act. The people outside formed the Campaign Against the Reform Party (or I suppose, CARP). I have been trying, in a misguided and thoroughly out-of-character attempt at serious journalism, to talk to these people to find out who they are and why they wanted to crash Preston Manning's party. Unfortunately, they have not been answering their telephones of late (they were, after all, busy planning a demonstration at the time), and while they do have an answering machine, it didn't actually answer any of my questions. (I promise to write a follow-up article if they ever call me back.)

Still, CARP does give a fairly clear idea of what they are all about in their leaflets. According to the text on the front of these, boldly printed across a faint image of Mr. Manning's face, they are out to prevent Reform from obscuring "its image as a racist, sexist, homophobic party." On the reverse side are several quotations from various reform officials: Mr. Manning's name comes up frequently here, as does that of Herb Grubel, MP for Capilano-Howe Sound.

I heard that the Reform Party's usual way of explaining embarrassing quotations was to maintain that they were quoted out of context, so I called the party's Ontario headquarters to see if this was in fact their defence, and if so, what the quotations sounded like in context. I reached a human being instead of a machine this time, but, despite her claims to the contrary, she didn't really answer the questions, either. After a preamble of explaining that this is a free country and that CARP therefore had every right to express their opinions, she did accuse them of taking quotations out of context. The Reform Party, she explained, believes in treating all citizens exactly equally, regardless of race, sex, sexual orientation, etc. (In fact, she repeated this statement many times during our conversation, often as an alternative to answering more specific ques-

tions. Sometimes she took the trouble to rephrase it, sometimes she didn't.) I asked whether she had any specific examples of how CARP insidiously manipulated the words of innocent Reformers; as she did not, I offered to read her some of the quotations from the leaflet so that she could provide the context for them.

I started with a particularly damning remark attributed to Alice White, right at the top of the page: "...we are letting in too many people from the Third World, the low blacks, the low Hispanics. They're going to take over the province." What sort of context, I wondered, could possibly explain that? "Who is Alice White?", she asked. It was a good question, and I was peeved. (I was supposed to be asking all the good questions.) The CARP leaflet simply says, "Alice White, Reform Party official." "I'm a Reform Party official, and I don't know who Alice White is," she said. It was perhaps the most straightforward remark she made to me.

Undanted, I tried a quotation attributed to a more recognizable source. CARP quotes Preston Manning as saying, "Homosexuality is destructive to the individual and in long run to society." Didn't this contradict the statement that the Reform Party would ignore sexual orientation? She couldn't tell me whether Mr. Manning had actually made the statement in question, and for context, she repeated her generality (the Reform Party believes in treating everyone equally, etc.). "Is it in fact the belief of the Reform Party that homosexuality is destructive?" I asked. She repeated her spiel again. I was getting tired of it.

I wanted specifics. I asked whether this policy of equality would apply to, say, recognizing homosexual marriages as well as heterosexual ones. She said that "marriage" was not legally defined to include homosexual unions. Would Reform change that definition? "I can't get into that," she said vaguely. (Why not? Personal distaste for the subject? Or a genuine reluctance to reveal the party's position on gay rights, which seems to be fairly clear, particularly now that MP Myron Thomson has been quoted as saying, "I do not hate homosexuals; I hate homosexuality," (not by

CARP but by the *Globe and Mail* and the *Toronto Star*, and in a context equating homosexuality with crime).

Too frustrated to ask any more questions (and eager to retreat from real journalism into my usual, comfortable realm of opinion, fiction, and pseudonymous poetry), I let her have a closing argument of sorts. So she rambled on, repeating the "equality" spiel two or three more times for good measure, and insisting that the best way to understand the Reform Party is not by reading CARP's quotations, but by talking to party representatives and asking them for specifics, which of course they would cheerfully supply. Upon which I said goodbye as politely as my integrity and stomach would allow, hung up, and screamed.

P.S. When I ran this article through my spell checker, it wanted to change "Preston Manning" to "Pristine Meaning". Ah, the gall of inanimate objects!



Got a beef?  
Give me your ...  
Thoughts



## Pizza Gigi is definitely uppercrust

One of the premium aspects of life at UofT is the incredible selection of cultural activities within a short walk of campus. One of the greatest conditions associated with the Innis lifestyle is all the spare time you have to sample these cultural activities. Your only true concerns being "is this what I really want?" and "what am I going to eat anyway?"

It is unfortunate to note many Innis students regularly explore this second question without fully qualifying the first. The majority of us consume copious amounts of pizza during our congenial stay here at St. George's campus, but honestly, how many know that pizza can actually be the greatest legal consumption easily accessible until four in the morning - or later? I am referring of course, to Pizza Gigi.

Side note - I am living in my dream house. More on that later-end side note.

*"The crust is a big part of it.."*

- Steve Katien

Harbord and Lippincott, but a leisurely stroll through campusland and a little beyond, for those daring and capitol enough to somehow break free of the Innis pit, has been home for countless years to, quite simply, the greatest, most elegant, kick-ass Homeric slices of pizza ever to be created this side of the great beyond. Enjoyed by the desperate, the drunken, the sober, the dazed and confused. You, me, everyone. Everyone who has found Gigi.

It all starts with sauce. It's not one of those spicy taste the acid of the pure almost sun dried tomato type sauces popular with the thirtysomething generation, it is a sauce whose life begins with the timeless joys of garlic, red wine, and oregano. It kind of says Burgundy but the taste is all warmth. It gucks, it literally gucks in your mouth in that sweet succulent way that makes you want to tear off part of the crust, ohh the crust, and goob it around so that your pizza becomes more of a French countryside picnic rather than a late night famish relief session.

The crust. The Sicilian double-

raised thick as a stack of buttermilk pancakes yet wholly submissive to the whim of every tooth crust which slightly crunches on the underside while the top slowly ingests the more solvent of the pizza-top's ingredients. I know it's baked, but some days I swear it could be pan-fried in olive oil. Oh my god! I can't believe I forgot all about the olive oil while I was talking about the sauce. You know why? Because of the oregano.

All Sicilian slices, and there are always at least three different types offered, the vast majority of which are vegetarian, come with a delicate and caring sprinkle of Oregano flakes all over the whole damned thing. Thick wholesome flakes of semi-dried oregano which melt right into the sauce and blend promiscuously with the onion, with the green olives, and for those who order from home, the Italian sausage, ohh the Italian sausage.

I know this sounds like a dreamland, and it is, but there is a nightmarish quality new lovers of Gigi must be aware of. The wait. The three minutes at least of standing around watching other people walk off with their slices while yours is still heating up. You know you want it. You know it is only three steps away. You get the feeling this guy has completely forgotten about your existence, even though you are blocking his view of the entire world, and is currently standing there doing nothing about the one slice of Gigi you painstakingly selected from the dozens lining the counter which is, as you fret, burning away, ounces of joy degenerating into cinders every second. And believe me, occasionally you're right, somehow he has forgotten. But even if he hasn't, it has been so long you think he has, and if you think waiting for that sexy some-

one to finish in the bathroom is tough, you might not live through the inhumanity of the Gigi counter. You know your pizza is coming But It Is Taking Soo Long. All I can say my friend is, patience. Eventually Gigi-lovers learn a kind of innate timing. They sit down, enjoy a smoke or a game of strip poker and just ease because they know that when their slice is ready, the door to the oven will call a little louder, just for them.

Once you have discovered Gigi, your life will change; take on new dimensions; be brighter. For instance, lovers find it difficult to pass the location without looking at the store. Sometimes a bow or some type of pagan tribute is deemed highly appropriate, if not compulsory. Any slice from somewhere else, though it may be tasty, cheap, and even filling will never quite be full-filling. Somewhere in the back of your head will be a small voice saying, "I could be eating Gigi."

*"It took me three months."*

- Rhodes hopeful John Ziedman

Strangest of all is the apparent need to stop people going into other establishments and inquire as to their experiences, if any, with Gigi. Now I know how Christians feel (though I stop myself from hanging outside Syd Smith with a clipboard and two pounds of Maybelline smeared all over my visage).

Tips for beginners:

1: Sample the sicilians first. They provide a more honest representation of Gigi's unique brilliance.

2: When trying the regular slices be wary of ones with little sauce or too

many green peppers. No one knows how a company with perfect onions, exquisite sausages (ohh, the Italian sausage), perfect large-diameter pepperoni and ideal tomato slices can fuck up the green peppers, but you never know.

3: If you are standing there waiting for service and the guy with three-day shadow and a Malboro hanging between his lips throws out a super fresh pepperoni pizza -- GRAB IT NOW!

4: When ordering to home always ask for thick crust (30 minutes) or sicillian (one hour, but it is ever worth it).

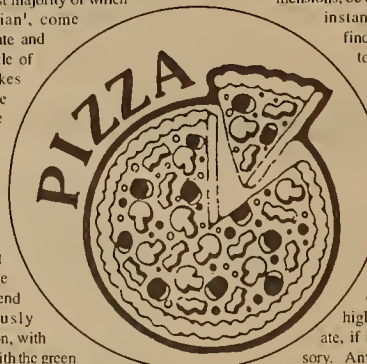
*"I never knew."*

- Cathy Oh

5: NEVER NEVER NEVER piss them off or phone back and say, "Oh yeah, and onions." Honest, they'll ruin your pizza.

6: Gigi does not open for lunch. Now back to that sidetrack for a little. Just why am I now living in my dream house? Because I live so close to Pizza Gigi that any time I feel like it I can call them on my phone, tell them exactly, exactly what I want on my very own pizza -- how many Italian sausages, where to put the pepperoni, do I want the sauce a little to the ends or pushed into the middle, and what shape do I want my oregano flakes to come in. Hell, if I wanted to, I could tell them to fashion the onions into a Mona Lisa. I then have enough time to go downstairs, sit down on my can and enjoy Calvin and Hobbes while taking the longest most euphoric, if not orgasmic dump I have ever had, walk back upstairs, change, look at myself in the mirror, change again until I look just right, walk out my door and walk, no no no no, stroll, to Pizza Gigi and still have time to play two pinball games before some guy says, "Hey, Agent Dan, your pizza is ready." And all this guy is going to do about it is take ten lousy bucks. Ohh yeah, this day keeps getting worse and worse.

How I ever got to accept pizza without pepperoni I'll never understand. But you can get toppings on slices for half a buck.



## you have too much time on your hands

anonymous

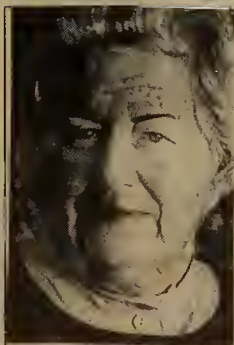
I think that you have had too much time on your hands to spend so much time deciding what is right and what is wrong how dare you tell me what I see is wrong who the hell told you that you rule how do you know did you chat it up with Chaucer did he tell you did you ask him a question and he answered ask me and I'll tell you that you suck you cut everyone down until you smile tightly and frustratedly because no one is giving you what you want why because you're pathetic and you made all this shit up and why should anyone else think of it who told you all this hat bullshit I'm spending way too much money to sit here and have you tell me what to think I think four hundred dollars for this goddam course gives me the right to think what I want pay me eight

hundred and maybe I'll be the audience you obviously want the one who sits in the goddam front row and nods at everything you say and laughs at your goddam jokes and maybe I'll regurgitate all the crap you want me to I have a problem with this I think you are fucking high on yourself you're supposed to teach us not shove a hose down our throats and force-feed us all this shit you've been formulating for all these years you've had too much time on your hands I can write and it feels good and no one is going to tell me I'm a fool and ask what was my point and didn't I read the book and what was I getting at well this is my point that you suck and I hope someday someone kicks away the soap-box you're on and you lay in a crumpled twisted heap on the floor god will I laugh





# random THOUGHTS



Dear Aunt Alma,

A little less than a month ago I took my roommate and two male friends to the movies (with free passes of course). When we walked into the half-empty theatre, one of the guys went with declared that there just weren't four seats together in an ideal location and insisted that we simply must split up. So the two guys sat together and my roommate and I went and sat in the middle of an empty row and enjoyed the

movie. I couldn't believe how they just ditched us like that after I took them there, so our two gals took off after the show without waiting for them. The one guy called me after they got back to say sorry but they did not realize that it would upset us so, while the other (whose bright idea it was to take off on us) did not bother. My point, Aunt Alma, is: was this a really inconsiderate thing for them to do or am I just over-reacting?

Signed,  
Abandoned.

## Dear Abandoned,

Your two friends are obviously members of the view-and-run school. (Perhaps there's something more than friendship between them...) My advice is, when it comes to free passes, make sure you're on the receiving end. Are these guys friends or freeloaders? If you decide they're friends, tell them how you feel. If not, blow them off. They're not worth the ticket price.

## Dear Aunt Alma,

I have a problem with my love life. My boyfriend and I have used food in

our sexual practice and foreplay for two years now. At first it was exciting and new but now it's getting a little boring. Anyway my problem is that now everytime I open the fridge, I get horny... Any suggestions...?

Signed,  
Lotus Cream Dreamer.

## Dear Lotus Cream Dreamer,

Perhaps a lighter alternative would be best. I suggest Cool Whip Light, Philly Cream Cheese Light (spreadable only) and a variety of fruit at the bottom yoghurts. If household appliances are becoming a problem, you might want to try aversion therapy. Attach an electric buzzer to the fridge handle. Soon you will associate fridges with pain and unpleasantness. Either that, or your hair will fall out.

P.S. Peanut butter tastes better with everything. And it rejuvenates your skin!

## Dear Aunt Alma,

I'm distressed. I kind of like this person, but a lot of people don't seem to think the person is any good. Normally, I don't care what other people

think, but the problem is I really don't know the person too well. I guess I'm worried that all the people are right about the person, and I might get hurt. What should I do?

Signed,  
Distressed.

## Dear Distressed,

Love is blind -- I'm glad you're wearing contacts. Often friends see warning signs that you overlook. If your friends are genuine and interested only in your well-being, I would take their advice to heart. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to walk away from a love-interest once the bug has bitten. So, if you must pursue this person, do so with eyes wide open. Any more problems, drop me a line.

Send your pleas for advice to:

Dear Aunt Alma  
c/o The Innis Herald  
2 Sussex Ave., Rm. 305

...or drop them off in the box outside the Herald office.

## Announcement

Group: Canada-Wide Campaign for a modern Constitution  
Speaker: Hardial/Baines  
Date: Nov. 9th  
Time: 7:00  
Place: Med. Sci. Bldg.  
Location: Room 2173  
Topic: The need for a modern Constitution and democratic renewal  
For more info Contact: Barbara Seed (537-8142)

Why is it that people feel it's their right, no, their duty to make judgements on the lives of people they never met, never knew, and never really cared about anyway? They seem to think that they can play god, blessing or damning whoever they chose, and then defend their statements with the ever-popular "freedom of speech". Yes, I believe in everybody's right to say what they think; that includes bigots, homophobes, everyone. But that doesn't mean that everything should be said.

The way in which the public and the media had dealt with the death of Cobain and other public figures has been disrespectful at best, disgusting at worst. As the most recent, and in some ways one of the most publicized occurrences, it highlights all of the worst aspects of our media system: sensationalism, vicious criticism, and merchandising (I think seeing a Kurt Cobain T-shirt with the years of his life on it made me physically ill.)

Yes to free media, but please, have some sense of decency. The private lives of the famous are not public property. The lives of the famous are not there for egotistical teeny-boppers to make judgements on. And as for Kurt Cobain, let his memory rest. If you must talk about something, try his music. It's the one thing he gave to the world, and the only thing we really have a right to.

## Violating Cobain's Ghost

by Charles Yung

Two weeks ago I heard a radio call in show on the late Kurt Cobain. It seemed that everyone who called in had an opinion about his lifestyle, his personality, his problems, his death, and probably his dog and his cat too. The comments were judgemental and personal, things like "he was a loser", "he was a martyr", "he was a coward". I think most every aspect of his life was dragged out and criticized, above all, his suicide.

## Carpe Diem...

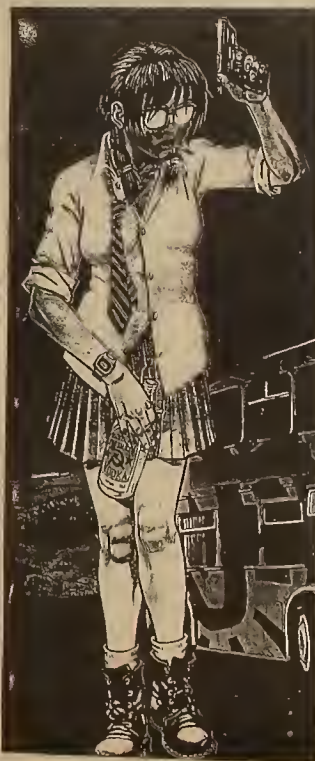
by Diane Sidik

Life is short, so make the most of it. Live each day as if it was your last because you can't predict the future.

We weave a meagre thread in this gargantuan plane of existence; though we are in solid control of our mental faculties, biology pulls the reins.

No matter how hard we try to evade death, it creeps up on us when we're not looking... "HA! Gotcha! Can't turn back now baby 'cause you're mine!"

I don't believe any of that bullshit about how the afterlife is so much better than real life because life is real. Savour its joys, taste the pain — nobody gets a second chance.



## Free Tickets!!!

The first 20 people to find the inscription written inside  
"The Eternal Champion"  
by Michael MOORCOCK (book could be found in the Herald office during office hours)  
gets a free pass to the

## Metropolitan Cinema!



## Lula can suck minea

I am writing to express my utter concern about Lula Lipson's ramblings about the uselessness of men in the past issue of the *Herald*. Obviously your loss of faith in the male of the human species is due to some unfortunate stick-ins with some sleaze who do call themselves men. I firmly believe that your unfortunate "experience" which you refer to was simply a lapse of your better feminine judgement, as a touch of skanky honess took over for a night and you were simply hunted. Myself, almost being too romantic for my own good, am sure that you have not turned into the undesirable witch you describe

yourself as becoming. You just need a dose of true romance, which the doctor Johnny Lover can suggest and supply. A roaring fire on a chilly Toronto eve, a bottle of alcoholic beverage by candle-light, and a riff of "Tears in Heaven" the ol' acoustic is just what you need to restore your faith in romance. Must sex be mentioned? Of course not; is it assumed to take place. I know it is hard to reverse your feelings with the written word, as the sensuous touch is what is needed, but it cannot be conveyed through the newspaper.

Until then, Lula ...

## here's to old lost friends

by huge dare

God I miss those days. Those days when I waved my hand at you and said, "Hello."

Are you at all like me? Do you remember or care? It's not been so long, why does it feel so long ago? I'm sitting here, in our favourite place. In an old wooden coffee shop, sitting on a rickety set of ebony chairs across from the mirror. Our mirror.

I remember when we would just stop all the talking. All that useless noise. Admit it, it was just conversation that we felt was necessary. But you felt it, didn't you? That we didn't really need to speak. The company was enough. I remember words failing me, so I stopped to sip the coffee and silently stare at your reflection.

I guess you never really knew. During those moments, when I bottled up into myself. When I paused and acted distracted. That I was actually gazing at you through the mirror. I stared at your beauty with a fog-filled mind. A childish innocence that doesn't seem to be

there anymore. It wasn't easy to look away. I don't know why.

Know this, I could have stared for an infinite measure. I had heard that many poets had often spent hours staring into a pond or garden, to quietly meditate on colours of feelings that they brought about. I understand them for I think I was of them.

I miss you, and now that I think of it, I think I loved you. Even though we never kissed or hugged. Even though I never actually touched you, I know that feeling must be true. Friends have told me that the touch of your love could bring an electrical feeling of life. A darling jolt of anticipation, experience and comfort. I may have missed that, but sometimes I think I was given more.

I look in the mirror now and see an empty chair. It reminds me of an incompleteness I find within myself. I shun the mirror and stare deep inside the empty cup on the table. A spoon hangs out from the inside. Perhaps someday, I'll drink to friends again.

## Bad Karma Spawns Burger King

### TOP 6 WAYS TO FIND Burger King

(With apologies to the number 7)

Fellow Innisites might be wondering just where in fuck Burger King operates. As we at the *Herald* are full of Good Karma, we offer this simple guide as possible ways to locate the esteemed editors of Burger King. (That's if they will do anything but wipe their asses with your stuff)

6. Hang around photocopyers.
5. Follow your nose, it always knows.
4. Stand in front of a mirror and say "Bad Karma" five times.
3. Eat a lot of rotten raspberry sandwiches, astral project, and follow the trail.
2. Barf up meatloaf and watch it solidify into a six page newspaper.
1. Why would you want to?

### Ode to Burger King

by Julia Burton

At Innis a rag called Bad Karma Caused apoxisms in everyone's dhama  
The articles written  
Made me feel I was bitten  
In the gut by a bad chicken schwama

### And Burger King was born...

Twenty years ago Michael met Bubbles the chimp and they melded. That same evening, a shot was heard, and two large eggs landed from the planet Ork. Out hatched Bad and Karma, the instant editors of the instant paper... Burger King. Their childhood was a lonley one, their only friends Liz and Oprah. At nineteen they saddled up the lama and headed off for Innis College in search of knowledge, truth and the American Way.

But the sands of Innis were not good enough for Bad and Karma. They grew resentful, bruding, their bowel

movement's irregular. Their raspberry sandwiches were left to mold over. In short, their lives were crap. But then, when all seemed lost, Bad and Karma came up with a brilliant (if democratically challenged) idea.

Bad-Let's write our own newsletter.

Karma- Yeah, and fill it with esoteric streams of consciousness.  
Bad-That make absolutely no sense,  
Karma- And sound the same!  
Bad-So no one else can write for us but us.  
Karma- Because we're Bad-  
Bad- Karma!  
Karma- Ooo Bad, you make me tingle.  
Bad-I'm hungry.  
Karma- And I'm celibate.

### Don't Squeeze the Karma

by Up D. Ass

Reading your newsletter has changed my life! Before it was Metanucil or Ex-lax. Now, just a three and a half minute read of Innis' excitingly new, REGULAR publication (are bold letters for bullshit, cow shit or just plain shit?) and a new bowel movement has fallen!

Treat it like you hate it



Thanks to Burger King I no longer have to use prickly Herald newsprint for rectal recussitation- white 8 1/2 x 11 paper is so much smoother!

On a scale of 1 to 10, BK, URINATE!

### Dear Messers, rats and phat pharts

Oh, we bow to your holy righteousness and superior literariness. How are we supposed to achieve your exquisite standards when we do not share the same Sally Struthers ICS alumnus? Your fine education glows from every expressive page. Here at the *Herald* we sit and wait, picking our noses, praying your smell will drift down the corridor to our office, bringing with it the aroma of good writing. Perhaps we could join forces and together battle the emperor. Or even better, keep writing pathetic cheap shots about the *Herald* so we can waste space insulting you back.

Love,

Phornicatingly, phreaky, phuculant, phomless, in-phertile, phowl, phishy, phraudulent, phuck, pherdempt, phingers.





To attack Rurals is to attack Hip Hop. Teenaged-ness, and The Spirit of self. If Rurals isn't for you, don't bother to read it. Wipe your ass with it if you want. Last month I told weak people not to read Rurals. Frank disregarded the warning, read on, and wasted time by actually complaining. Fuck, who cares?

So here's Rurals for the cusp... I know this guy who thinks chicks get the short end of the rurals stick, since their rural styles are tight-fitting. I know this other guy who says chicks get shafted since most rurals music is aggressive. Two valid points but...

I went to Montreal on the weekend to see my friend and fellow rurals guy Dr. Hoo. The dominant style in Montreal was Gino, no question. Rurals was blue ribbon. I noticed these chicks at this club called "Foufous Electroniques" ("Electric Asscheeks" in English). They had the tight-fitting, small-sleeved, three-striped, oval-enveloped rurals gear, and they were getting down to Public Enemy and Ice Cube and Ministry and shit. I don't know if these chicks were genuinely happy listening to such cock-fueled music, and sweating in their shrink-wrapped gear, or if they just wore the illusion of ruralian bliss. I wanted to step, but I thought it best not to bring it to their attention that in every way they were rural\*. And who says chicks don't like loud music? We can't expect chicks to dig only R. Kelly and the Cranberries and shit. And about tight gear, big deal. I'm sure rurals chicks aren't going, "Damn! To be rurals I must wear uncomfortable gear!"

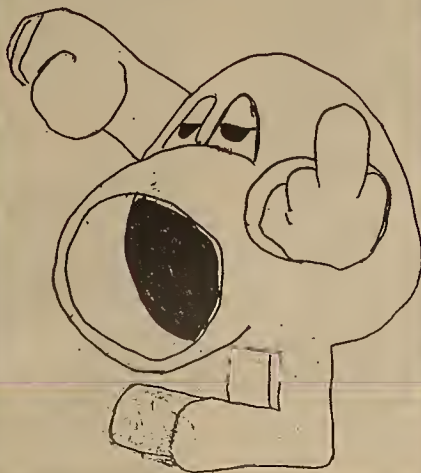
Rurals at first was a style much like B-Boy. The B-Boys and Flye Girls wore the same shit: Starter Gear, baggy-ass Buffalo, Ewings, crooked caps. The style was androgenous, and consequently very unsexy. When Rurals dropped, it was male-geared and so chicks had to bust andro styles as well. I remember the first time I saw a real rurals chick. It was at a Beastie Boys concert two years ago. She rocked a big Clobber jacket, huge jeans, States. It was weird man, weird and unsexy. Now chicks have a choice. They can by up to them. It's just too bad I can't squeeze into one of those tight-ass tees with boobos on the front. That's cool.

\*Rurals gets played out when people go, "Hey, I'm rurals." It relies on being lowkey. The minute it gets hype, companies flood the shops with whipped-up, second-rate gear. Rurals is best when it's home-made. Don't sweat it, it's too late. Rurals has already taken over. Stay tuned. (Why is this style called "rurals"? What farm did you grow up on? - etymologically bemused jr. typing ed.) (The farm your dad works on, skill-lacker. - Judge Rob)

## The Rurals Top Ten

1. The Simpsons, eleven times a week
2. Operation Vagabond (shhh)
3. "Unbelievable" - Biggie Smalls
4. Fila gear
5. "Murder was the case" -- Snoopy Doggy Dogg
6. Spacehawk comics
7. Fuckheads who take drugs
8. "Starla" -- Smashing Pumpkins
9. Bitties in the BK lounge, Urbans
10. Hip Hop groups that sample Joy Division and Bauhaus

## urbans



by funky hot papa

I'm the funky hot papa, from Scarborough, I've been around, and I sure the hell ain't no cocky nineteen-year frosh. I wuz gonna call this column, "Pissing Off Rurals," but I'd get too many letters thanking me. Oh yeah, I am proud of who I am, but that don't make me arrogant, and asshole. No shit. No lie.

Rural, you might miss your skool, but that don't mean you can be cocky in your column. Ass you stated, "Being an ass wuz so good. Asses are the best. Asses are too cool for notetaking and class participation marks." Well, let me remind you, if you haven't caught on yet: YOU AIN'T IN HI SKOOL NO MORE! If being an ass wuz so good, then I hope Roseanne Barr gives you a full moon in your face every bloody day.

Ass for not participating in one of the best events in University, that being frosh week, that didn't make you an ass, that made you a nerd. ('member? The assiest thing you did wuz refusing to shake the hand of a nerd in your art class!) Das right, you is a NERD. Frosh week is no wack. In fact I think you is wack. Way wack. Who sez you had to drink. What does being lonely have to do wit frosh week? There is only one redeeming quality in your column, Rurals, "Who Cares!!"

I know you is wack 'cause, rurals are not like what you is. Rurals is not "baggy, or anything oval around it." Rurals, get a life. "Give it up" --

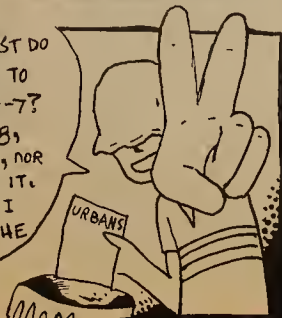
so sez your band Public Enemy. Life is short, so play hard (ha! ha!). I look forward to going column-to-column witcha. Ass you can see and read, dis column is a paragraph for paragraph mirror response to your column. I know you ain't gonna like dis, but das life man. 'Cause "I AM." For now I'll leave you wit the Urbans Top 8, (yo, rurals, notice it is numerical, not written. And it ain't no cheap Letterman wannabe. Top Ten MY ASS!) which is basically just a list of things I enjoy. En-joy!

## Urban Top 8

8. Phornicating
7. Condoms
6. April Wine, Sept. 10, wit LAP, RPM
5. Anything not written by Rural
4. Freedom of Speech
3. Aunt Alma
2. Innis
1. Originality

P.S. Yo, bud-dy. Ch-ill. Da name's Funky Hot Papa. Ya don't see me calling ya Judge, or the Judge man, or Jack, or Simon, or Bob, or Robert, do ya? And it's MISTER Funky to ya. Oh, ya. Whattsamatter witcho? If ya can't stand the heat don't play wit fire. You might get burned. I'm here, so live wit it, bud-dy!! If ya really didn't care, then why write? 'Sides, who sez I wuz attackin', just jiving', man. Stay hip, and be nice. Urbans all the way. No ass-wiping and no wack shit here.

WHY CAN'T A BROTHER JUST DO HIS THING WITHOUT HAVIN TO BE ON THE DEFENSIVE 24-7? LIKE THIS 'URBANS' THING, I DON'T NEED THIS SHIT, NOR DO I EVEN CARE ABOUT IT. JUST LEMME DO WHAT I GOTTS TO DO, & GET THE SWEAT' PEACE.



## Free Tickets!!

The first 20 people to find the inscription written inside "The Eternal Champion" by Michael MOORCOCK (book could be found in the Herald office during office hours) gets a free pass to the Metropolitan Cinema!



## "the change" in Poland

by Paulina Wyrzykowska

Since the transition from a (theoretically) communist system to a (hypothetically) capitalist one in 1989, many articles have been written by Western journalists on the enormous changes taking place in Poland. Having grown up in the "bad old days" of Poland, I don't feel qualified to debate whether the communist system was really as oppressive as some people claim, or merely inept and ridiculous. Politics played a very small part in my life, and I certainly never felt oppressed by a system which I was born into and considered as natural as the air that I breathed.

What I can attempt, however, is to give an account of what my country is like now, five years after "the change". More importantly, I can do this from the perspective of someone who is just enough of an outsider to notice things foreigners would never see and Poles would take for granted. "Cholera! Poczekaj chwile!"

As my aunt hopped out of the car, I twisted around to face the back seat where my friends sat crunched in improbable positions.

"One of the windshield wipers just fell off and my aunt's gone to fix it," I translated.

She came back in a few minutes, her short hair dripping water onto the fake-pink fur of the seat covers. My friends were giggling in the back seat and she threw them an amused glance before looking back at me.

"Tell your friends this is what our Polish reality is like here. That's how cars are, that's how life is." She laughed and continued in her sharp, inherently sarcastic voice, "I keep losing that frigging wiper every time it rains. At least it didn't fly off this time. And this is a new car too!"

She's right. This is what life in

my country is like. Complaints delivered in a tone of bravado are as much a part of Poland as the unshakable conviction that no matter how many windshield wipers break off, or how many price increases there may be over the next month, life will go on as usual. Every time I visit, saturated with the brief, sporadic coverage of the Western media and the stories I hear from newly-returned visitors, I am shocked to find that Poland feels the same as ever.

Beneath the glitzy packaging of the new system, lie meanings and

**"I certainly never felt oppressed by a system I was born into"**

beliefs which do not change.

One of those is a sort of down-to-earth, black humour which "keeps us from going insane" and makes the most ridiculous legislation or living condition sufferable.

Another of those prevailing national themes is a sense of history. Foreign visitors often remark on the feeling that the past is all around them in Poland. Time flows differently in my country. In a way, what may have happened fifty years ago is still happening today, because people remember it and it plays an active part in their lives, influencing how they think and see things.

I was born in Warsaw. Warsaw has been the capital of Poland for the past three hundred years or so, but the city itself is less than fifty years old. In 1944, on the verge of being liberated, Warsaw was burned to the

ground by Nazi Sondercommando units who made their way through the city methodically blowing up one house after another. They were following Hitler's orders to have Warsaw "eradicated, totally and completely" in retribution for the uprising initiated by the AK underground. By the end of the war not a single house was left standing. The survivors who made their way back only to find their homes destroyed, started to rebuild immediately. They built on top of the ruins, often using the burned-out rubble itself as the only available building material.

Today Warsaw is a fairly large city by European standards. It is complete with an old town which was reconstructed meticulously, based on the works of long-dead painters. At first glance it looks just like any other city in Europe, be it Frankfurt or Copenhagen. There isn't any other city, however, where bullet holes and pieces of shell can be found in the walls of houses where the original ruins were incorporated. Or where walls that are mosaics of bright red and dull grey brick, some new, some burned out in the fire that destroyed the city, are commonplace. It is impossible to walk for a block in Warsaw without hitting a plaque dedicated to victims of a street execution, or commemorating a makeshift insurgent cemetery.

Tragedy of such magnitude doesn't really fade with time. It remains in the collective consciousness of the city and alters the way that

**"bullet holes and pieces of shell can be found in the walls of houses where the original ruins were incorporated"**

city looks at things and brings up it's children. Warsaw is a drastic example, but there isn't a place in Poland that doesn't have stories of the same sort. My country has the dubious honour of being situated between Russia and Germany, both countries with strong imperial aspirations. Its history is a long list of conquests, occupations and uprisings. This is the feeling that a visitor is most likely to get -- the conviction that history is not something in the past, but something that happens to all of us, all the time and affects everyone to some degree.

Having spent a lot of time discussing all the things which never seem to change in my country, I now feel obliged to mention the one phenomenon which does actually seem to hint at future changes in the national character.

According to *Wprost*, one of the leading Polish publications, 90% of the nation are proclaimed Catholics, 2.4% are neutral towards religion, and 1.3% are atheists. Presumably, the remaining 6.3% are people of different religious affiliations. I would hazard a guess that this ratio has not changed substantially since 1989, although of course some of the Catholics would have been less outspoken about their beliefs under communism. What has changed, however, at least in the

younger generation, is the general attitude of people towards religion and the church.

While I was growing up, going to church was a political protest as much as it was an act of faith. The Polish Catholic church has historically stood for upholding the Polish culture

**"Religion is an official part of the school curriculum."**

and language against occupiers and successive regimes. While it mostly refrained from making overt protests against the communist government (in return for the government's silent tolerance of its existence), people still saw it as the bastion of patriotism and decency in an increasingly corrupt system.

I met a friend this summer whom I haven't seen for four years. We used to be best friends in primary school and just about the only enduring contention between us was the fact that his family was Catholic and mine was Atheist. When I last saw him we got into an argument over the implementation of religion classes in public schools. This summer, I brought the point up again. He laughed and said, "Yeah, I have to admit you were right about that one. Oh, and I'm not Catholic anymore. In fact I'm at the stage where I'm trying to find a faith I can believe in."

It wasn't the notion of religion that he discounted, but the institution of the church. Since the election of Walesa, the church has been steadily gaining political ground. New chapels are being built throughout Poland. The anti-abortion bill has been implemented. Religion is an official part of the school curriculum.

More than once this summer I've heard people say the church tried to grab too much, too fast. The avarice of the priests is glaring in times of economic turmoil. The Catholic church's intolerance of differing beliefs is beginning to grate on people's nerves. In short, while playing an increasingly-powerful role in everyday life, the church is swiftly losing its place as a national symbol and changing into an oppressive power which might be resented and ridiculed. People are beginning to view the church hierarchy in the same way they have always seen the government: as something alien and hostile, and certainly not a representative of the people.

At the end of the two-and-a-half weeks we spent in Poland, I asked my Canadian friend what he thought of the country. He thought for a moment and answered, "Character. Your country's got so much character and passion. There're depths here I can't even begin to comprehend." When all is said and done, maybe that is the essential characteristic of Poland. I sometimes think Poles get addicted to the depth and passion and that's what makes us so fanatically attached to a country that is often less than perfect and by no means easy to comprehend.





# INTERVIEW

## A Discussion with Dan Leckie

by Stan Chan

For those of you who don't know, there is an election going on. Although the spotlight has been focused on June Rowlands, Barbara Hall, and Gerry Meinzer, those living within the boundaries running south of Bloor and between Bathurst and Bay, (including the Toronto Islands) fall within what is called Ward 5. University of Toronto falls in this district, and as such, students have a stake in how the election turns out. It is, after all your livelihood that is being affected. For example, how many students have affordable housing? Will students get a low-cost Metro pass? Why is there never any parking on campus when you need it? These issues are important to Innis students as well as all students in University.

In Ward 5 there are three candidates running for City Council, they are: Dan Leckie, Benson Lau, and Spiro Karagiannis.

I had the pleasure of interviewing Dan Leckie. He has been active in the downtown community for over 30 years. In those 30 years, he has been a Toronto Board of Education Trustee, brought the "Blue Box" recycling to Toronto, and worked with former downtown councillor Jack Layton to develop Toronto's "Healthy City" plan. In addition, he designed and implemented Ontario's new community economic development program.

Now what does this mean to Innis students? To begin with, Dan hopes to sit down with the University and discuss their future plans for housing development. He said that, "the University has stated it's intentions to ask for zoning increases, density increases, in what is called an intensification of uses in the neighbourhood." As we all know there is a housing problem, there simply aren't enough houses to go around for students. Wrong! There are many houses that are available, but are vacant.

Dan found that, during canvassing, "many of the houses that were student residences were left vacant, and run-down." What are U of T's intentions? There is the fear that the University intends to sell off some of their houses to the private sector, to facilitate the building of new facilities. Dan Leckie believes that U of T must act as a responsible landlord, and must consult with the residents. Said Dan, "the residents must be involved in the process."

What about a low-cost Metro

pass? When asked how he can convince the Toronto Transit Commission (TTC) to provide students with a low-cost Metro pass, he stated that he would like to work with the students in a student run campaign. It is the responsibility of the students to argue with the TTC that they "need more affordable transit, and the transit needs more students." By providing students with low-cost Metro passes, it would increase ridership, as well as make the students life long public transit users. Dan Leckie said that he "is not just going to vote [for the stu-

Harbourfront would be better suited for the promotion of the Arts, such as the Jazz Festival, which was held there this summer.

With respect to the Kensington Community, he plans to utilize the community economic development strategy, which is based on the theory that to improve the community, one must build from the strengths of the community. This plan deals with the local residents, who would be investing their money into their own businesses, which would help build a viable local economy, as opposed

to the community, and its residents, in addition to the local economy. The idea of the local residents investing their money into their own business to further the growth of the community economy is a good one. However, this concept is not without risk, and failure. That is you lose your money. But like life, you must initiate your own success, and not wait for people to initiate it for you. I guess for the residents of the Kensington Area, this idea could well stimulate economic growth for the community. With respect to the expansion of the Island Airport issue, if Dan can sell the idea of a rail-link, then I don't see why the City Council can't go ahead with his plan. I think it would be more environmentally friendly, and probably more cost efficient.

Notwithstanding the fact that I have a personal bias against casinos to begin with, I must agree that casinos are disruptive to any community, regardless of its location. However, it is inevitable that Toronto will have a casino, the question that remains is the location. Hopefully, it won't be in the Harbourfront area, where it could disrupt the peaceful residences and the thriving Art community. In order for students to get a low-cost Metro pass, I believe that students must organize themselves and make as much noise as we can. Call SAC (Student Administrative Council), talk to your president, Gareth Spanglett. Make him work for his position. Tell him that his position is not an honorary one. Then work with Dan to sell the idea that it would be beneficial to both the TTC and the students.

With respect to the development on campus, I strongly agree that there needs to be a process whereby there is participation from the students, and the residents of the neighbourhood. But will the process and the participation be enough? The University is the landlord, albeit a public landlord with responsibilities, but a landlord nevertheless. Ultimately, the decision will be theirs, but at the very least we will know what they are doing, and what their intentions are.

Is Dan Leckie the solution to the problems and issues in Ward 5? That has yet to be decided, but I do know that the solutions he offers are sound, and his experience over the years, working with the community, can only benefit the people in Ward 5.



den], but will act as a community organizer." It is his contention that if the students make enough noise about the low-cost Metro pass, the TTC will take notice. By working in conjunction with the students, Dan hopes the process will move more quickly.

What about the other issues in this campaign? One of the primary issues Dan intends to tackle deals with the expansion of the Island Airport. He does not believe that an expanded Island Airport would be conducive with the environment, and the community living on the Toronto Island. Moreover, it could well be a deterrent to the tourism industry on the Island, with the increased activity and noise from the larger jets. He offers an alternative solution, namely a rail-link that would run from downtown to Pearson Airport. He says the cost of building the rail-link would be similar to the cost of the expansion of the Island Airport.

Another issue which he is opposed to is the introduction of a gambling casino on the waterfront, which would not be compatible to residential and recreational living. He believes

to waiting for the economy to move into their neighbourhood. The risk of investing can encourage growth of the local community economy, and "will empower the residents." It will also pride them with experience and networking. Dan does not deny the fact that these risks are not without failures, but states that "the process is exciting, and that it will serve the residents."

It has been said in many newspapers and articles that his opponent, Benson Lau, has the support of the larger Asian community. It is not a myth to say that people of ethnicity vote along ethnic lines, and not on the issues presented. The matter of language is also a hindrance. When asked whether or not the "ethnic" vote would be a factor, he stated that he has played prominent role in many Asian related projects, and that the Asian community does know him. Besides he has the support of many Asians, such as incumbent Metro Councillor Olivia Chow, and NDP'er Winnie Ng.

Dan Leckie's philosophy is community oriented, and all of his plans surrounds the idea of improving and bet-

## Take the 'A' Train

by Bagomundo

With almost as much pleasure as I obtained from Pelee Island Winery's Gamay Noir 1993 Ducks Unlimited Edition (produced right here in Ontario), I devoured the first new issue of the stunning *Innis Herald*. Heartfelt congratulations to all who slaved so long and hard stomping the grapes of the press machine to produce this delightful missive.

I note, with much hilarity, the first editorial of the first new edition. Presumably penned by one of the es-

teemed editors, although they (quite rightly) wish to remain anonymous, it is a fascinating diatribe that evoked much violin symphonies in my right brain.

With pomp and circumstance I obtained access to TTC stacks and read brochures and minutes and recommendations and reports. (*You mean propaganda - ed.*) Some I even stayed awake for. The author of "Students Derailed" should brush up on their BSL (Buses as a Second Language). Nowhere in "TTC-ese" are University students identified or referred to as TRAN-

SIT CAPTIVES. (*Not officially your pinple nosed prat - ed.*)

The salient and simple facts of the matter are these: 1) The TTC has one of the best safety records in any metropolitan city, 2) The TTC has studied the possibility of providing low-cost fares for post-secondary students extensively. In 1988 a Mr. Worotyneec (S.A.C.) addressed the commission along the lines of the "4 for 3" Student Metropass. Despite beliefs that students greatly contribute to revenue gains on the Rocket, only 32% of those questioned indicated they would take advantage of reduced

fares. Even this figure is ridiculous as an extensive lobbying campaign was under way at U of T to make sure of good voter turnout. (I imagine they lobbied during the December holidays.)

The TTC cannot be compared with Peterborough or Guelph's transit systems. Both cities' populations would probably comfortably fit in Hart House circle, with room for playgrounds and parks. The TTC must be compared to Chicago, Calgary or Baltimore. Two of those cities do not offer reduced fares

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



## More Student Loans

by Sally Blake

Lloyd Axworthy and Paul Martin are the federal bed-buddies of financial distress -- and now post-secondary funding has become their dirty laundry. In last month's social policy reform paper, Axworthy turned his fiscal eye to the cost of subsidizing Canada's learned scholars. What he found was a \$2 billion escape route labelled STUDENT LOANS and not one effectual student lobby in sight.

In the paper, Axworthy formulated a plan whereby students will be made responsible for the bulk of their tuition. Universities will no longer receive 75% of their operating costs from the government, but will instead raise tuitions to finance their programs etc. To help students with their increased burden, the government will alter its student loan program. This will involve access for all students and a repayment scheme that is loosely based on level of income after graduation. Six-month grace periods and fixed-payment levels will no longer be in effect.

To some, Axworthy's pragmatic approach to post-secondary education may seem sensible and appealing.

Our economy has plunged into a possibly lethal tailspin in the past five years. We are paying \$49 million in interest on our debt annually; we have one of the highest unemployment rates in the modern Western world and the worst financial track record of all the G7 nations. Those fortunate enough to be in work are subject to roll-backs, salary freezes and early retirement packages. Half the country is talking about user fees for medicare and the other half is screaming welfare fraud. Putting it simply, the government can't afford to keep us anymore. And without replacing lost

government funding, the already bad conditions (overcrowded classrooms, inadequate library facilities and reduced faculty) will get worse.

Granted. But is this the way? Let's look at some of the ramifications Axworthy's proposals will cause if put into effect.

1) Students will have an increased debt burden. To many students the cost of going to school is already crippling. Many have dropped down to part-time or quit school altogether because of this year's tuition increases. How many will be able to afford \$8 000 a year in tuition? Even with loans, students from less-privileged

of obtaining a mortgage, car loan and other credit necessities will be reduced.

2) Not all students will pay the same for their education. Students entering professions with a lower earning potential will end up paying more interest on their loans than those entering higher-earning professions. According to Axworthy's plan, loan payments will be based on 3.5% of your taxable income. Sticking to that system, students who earn less will take longer to pay back their loans, thus acquiring more interest along the way. It is not hard to imagine the effect this will have on subject popularity. Realizing the debt load will be significantly less if you are

thirty years to keep universities and colleges independent of private money. Wading into the corporate web of self-interest and profit-margins raises an abundance of ethical questions. Will the influence of private funding turn universities into corporate training-camps? Will students end up at Del Monte U? Taco Bell College? Will the importance of liberal arts programs dwindle into academic obscurity, studied only by the aristocracy who have time and money to burn? How will it effect the type of research being conducted? In wake of the Concordia massacre where one under-published professor went berserk and killed a number of his peers, academics

across the country have begun to study this question in earnest. If a department depends on private grants to survive, professors are pressured to produce results at break-neck speed. Not only does this effect the quality of work, it also dictates the type of work being done, often catering projects to market needs rather than academic interest.

In view of these questions and arguments,



Brian Montenegro

families will find it difficult to make it through. Faced with massive debts after graduation, those without guaranteed earning potential or wealthy family backgrounds might find university too great an investment to make in their future. This will, in turn, exclude such students from upper-level employment, thus re-establishing the class-oriented division of labour.

Marxist theories aside, when you accrue a massive debt-load it makes it almost impossible to obtain other loans. If a student becomes saddled with a \$30,000-debt over 20 years, the chances

of a dentist and not a philosopher, many students will choose professional programs over the liberal arts. Subjects like English, Philosophy and History will lose essential funding and fall into decay, thus producing market-oriented universities.

3) Universities and colleges will have to find funding elsewhere. Faced with programming costs and no government bucks, institutions of higher learning will have to turn to the private sector. This is not in keeping with the Canadian tradition of public education, a system we have built up over the past

the pragmatism and sensibility of Axworthy's proposals begins to pale. Although government cutbacks look good on paper, will they look quite as good when reflected in a stratified, market-oriented generation of graduates? We need to examine the social implications of private education and not focus solely on its economic advantages. By ignoring the relationship between education, the work force and social structuring, Canada loses its entire identity as a welfare state. Without equity we have no social program -- it's as simple as that.



## Sports Update

by William O'Higgins,  
Co-Ed Athletic Rep. ICSS

The Innis Intramural Volleyball Teams are playing their brains out, but just for fun, of course.

The Co-Ed team has played nearly all of their regular season, and thanks to the regular efforts of several super-frosh they are three and two, and headed for the play-offs. In fine Innis tradition, the collateral sport of hacky-sack played by members of the bench is going strong, when they are not struck dumb by the brilliant play of our fine

players, with such stand-out moments of the off-the-face bump, and the mighty, spirited serves of our Spirit Challenge Rep. bouncing cheerily off the back wall of the far court.

The Men's team has just started its season, but is already looking like the best entertainment value since government-subsidized chemical experimentation. After having their first game defaulted to them, and losing their second narrowly, they have gelled as a team, and are playing the best game outside of Division I. At their last game they held off defaulting by playing with five on

the court, before their knight in shining armour, the late but ever-cheerful, Deep Dillion, arrived. From that point on they were unstoppable, highlighted by thunderous hits from back and front court by the President, Aaron Magney, and the amazing Super-Frosh Craig. The other team was also amazed by the magical sideways over-the-tape set, which NO ONE saw coming.

Come on out to a game, to play, to cheer, to play hacky-sack, and then join us at the Wicket afterwards for a laugh and a brew. After all, it beats the snot out of studying.

### Free Tickets!!!

The first 20 people to find the inscription written inside "The Eternal Champion" by Michael MOORCOCK (book could be found in the Herald office during office hours) gets a free pass to the Metropolitan Theatre!

## Innis Bits

by Alan Wong

Lots is happening lately at Innis College to celebrate Innis' many momentous events this year.

To kick things off, Innis Rez threw a party, October 23rd, for all of its newly-moved-in residents. Music, bridge and chess tournaments, and lots of food and beer (paid for by the one dollar locked-my-key-in-my-room-and-I-want-a-don-to-open-my-door fee) were the order of the afternoon. The celebration ended off with an election for the Innis Rez Council (it also ended when all the pizza and beer were consumed).

This coming November 5th, Innis staff, alumni, students, residents and friends will take part in the celebration of the centenary of Harold Innis' (Harold Innis the economist, not Innis Herald the paper) birth, the 30th Anniversary of the founding of Innis College, and the official opening of Innis' first residence. There will be will be a reception and buffet at 7:30 pm., and a cabaret starring Innis alumni from the '60s to '90s will follow.

So far, Innis is by far the most successful residence on campus, with all of its rooms filled (not common in many residences at U of T) and a waiting list

of more than 500 students for its 339 room St. George Street building.

Why is Innis Rez so popular? Well, first of all it is new. No drafty windows or roaches or rodents to room with. Second of all it offers apartment-styled living, where four or five single bedrooms share a living room, kitchen, and two bathrooms. And third, there is not a mandatory meal plan at Innis, although the food at the Innis Cafe is not at all bad.

Rumour has it that Trinity College is thinking of renovating and converting (or perhaps demolishing) Devonshire House, which it owns, to apart-

ment-style residences, similar to Innis due to the popularity of Innis Rez. But this might not happen for quite some time.

If this sounds all too perfect for you and you are interested in living here next year, a big GOOD LUCK to you! Most of the people currently living here will probably return next year and whatever spaces are left will be divided among the professional faculty applicants, and on top of that a chunk of those spaces will go to first year students. With the word spreading around, there will definitely be a greater number of people applying for residence here.

## Innis Impressions

by Charles Yung

Being an oral account of the perceptions and reflections of a first year student upon completing two months of his university education

My cousin told me not to worry about about which college I chose. After all, you usually don't spend a lot of time there anyway. The clubs of all colleges are pretty much open to everyone. Registration, frosh, and that's about it.

I think I chose Innis college almost by instinct. The booklet they sent when they accepted us gave about a page on each college. Enough for a description that sounds like a sales blurb. But the description of Innis was a little different. Maybe it was just the emphasis they put on the writing programs at Innis (at the time, I was dead set on becoming a writer in the league of Atwood and Davies)

And my impressions now? Small, but intimate. Not a lot of traffic or bustle. The low number of students means that there are no lineups at the registrars. The building is, unfortunately, very close to ugly, but the interior is unimposing, even comfortable. Fewer events and clubs, but that can be an advantage at times: they're usually desperate for people.

I have ended up spending a lot of time at Innis, talking and playing and

## Innis College Semi-Formal Dinner & Dance

Where: Casa Loma

When: Saturday, January 28th

Theme: 1890-1990's

For more information please contact Kare and Kathy at the ICSS office.

trying to study (without much success). I think the biggest reason is the attitude. The college itself has a policy that emphasises equality, diversity, and my favorite, freedom of choice. The people, especially the I.C.S.S., are open and talkative. Most of all, they seem to see us new students as people, individuals who need personal guidance, attention, or just recognition. Personal attention seems scarce around here; student numbers and thousand person classes give little in terms of individual treatment. If Innis has anything going for it, the way in which they provide new students with a bit of personal contact is definitely it. In those first dizzying weeks, it makes quite a difference.

## Everything You Wanted To Know About Harold Innis (but were afraid to ask)

by one of our staff

Harold Innis was born a hundred years ago on November 5th, 1894.

He was an esteemed economist at the University of Toronto, best known in the field of Canadian economic history:

*The Fur Trade In Canada*

His best known works in the field of communications:

*Empire and communication*

*The Bias of Communication*

"With imperfect competition between concepts, the University is essentially an ivory tower in which courage can be mustered to attack any concepts which threatens to become a monopoly"

-Harold Innis, 1946



# Noam Chomsky Speaks at U of T

Provides Insight Into Current Peace Agreements And US Involvement In The Middle East

By Scott Cutley

Noam Chomsky, noted linguist and controversial critic of the abuses of power and United States foreign policy, delivered two lectures at the University of Toronto early last week on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The Tuesday evening lecture, "The Middle East: Prospects for Peace and Justice", focused largely on the current Israeli-Palestinian issue, and the United States' involvement in Middle East affairs. Chomsky gave a general insight as to what he believes is truly taking place in this region of the world, and anyone with a limited knowledge of Middle East history and current events would have likely had a difficult time following Chomsky, as he delivered an extremely well-documented lecture that lasted approximately one hour.

Following the lecture, Chomsky responded to various questions from the audience, periodically exhorting people whom he perceived were not listening to what he had said, or were not thinking things through to their logical conclusions. The lecture was full of information, and the questions were thoroughly answered by Chomsky, as he held the interest of a packed Convocation Hall for more than two-and-a-half hours.

In the lecture, Chomsky, who is known for his thorough research, discussed various issues related to the Middle East, including: the Gulf War, the current Arab-Israeli peace negotiations, the fate of the Palestinians, and the dominant role of the United States in mid-east affairs. The most current of these issues are the peace agreements between Israel and the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO), and Israel and Jordan, both of which have been helped along by the United States.

The Israeli-Palestinian issue is not a simple one; watching the evening news will not likely give you a clear picture, or an accurate one, according to

Chomsky, as to what is currently taking place in the Middle East. In order to understand Chomsky's view of the present Middle East issues, it is necessary to take a look at the history of how the current agreements came into being.

In 1967, during what is called the Six Day War, Israel took control of several sections of land that belonged to various Arab states including Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and all of what was at the time called Palestine. Chomsky noted that at this time the United Nations passed a resolution (UN 242), which "called for full peace between Israel and the Arab states in return for full withdrawal from the occupied territories: full withdrawal meant that there might be minor, and indeed mutual adjustments on the former border. . . . The United States not only accepted [UN 242], but insisted on that interpretation." He continued, that "at the time Israel refused withdrawal and the Arabs refused full peace. . . that impasse was broken in February 1971. At that time President Sadat of Egypt agreed to the official American policy. He offered Israel a full peace treaty . . . in terms of UN 242, in return for full withdrawal, and only withdrawal from [the] Sinai [Peninsula]."

Chomsky says that at this time, the United States changed its policy of favouring UN 242, and declared a new policy of "no negotiations". He says that "at that point the United States joined Israel in opposition to UN 242."

By the middle of the 1970's the international community began to favour a two-state settlement, which would include the Palestinians, who had no rights under UN 242. A resolution regarding that consensus was introduced in 1976, but as Chomsky revealed, the US vetoed that resolution, as it did again in 1980. The United States also blocked similar resolutions each year up until 1990, just before the Gulf War.

"The final settlement,"

Chomsky said, "is to be based solely on UN 242, meaning no recognition of Palestinian national rights. Furthermore, as Israel and the United States have made clear and explicit, any withdrawal that takes place will be partial, [and] as they determine."

Chomsky states that Israel will retain effective control over the Palestinian territories, including resources, the Jordan valley, a third of the Gaza Strip, and greater Jerusalem, which splits the West Bank into two sectors. Also, an access corridor from Israel to Jordan, which is to be settled completely by Israelis, splits the West Bank even further. Chomsky also revealed that Israel could take over the whole of the Palestinian territories if they wanted to, without violating the agreement, but it would seem that their current method of dividing the territories, confiscating Palestinian lands and moving in settlers, will be more effective in accomplishing their goals. Chomsky says that because of the final agreement, Israel will be relieved of the need to administer the Palestinian territories, the Palestinians will remain a pool of cheap labour for Israel, and meaningful development in the Palestinian territories will be unlikely because Israel's policy is that there is to be "complementary development not competitive development."

The general thinking behind what is happening, is that the Palestinians will be politically isolated from the rest of the world, and most importantly for Israel, from the other Arabs states, which at one time may have supported an independent Palestine. Chomsky concludes that "if the Palestinian issue can be swept under the rug . . . then the tacit relations among the major countries [in the Middle East] can be brought to the surface, with Israel becoming a technological, and industrial, and financial, and military centre, and, of course, retaining its military predominance", largely supported and financed by the US. Chomsky believes that the money

that the US is pouring into Israel is directed towards the subjugation of the Palestinians because they are seen as a nuisance, and as a disruptive force in the Middle East. He also said that the entire "peace process" is an attempt by the US to eliminate the Palestinian issue from the Middle East and to further guide the economic and political direction of the region.

At the end of the lecture Chomsky said the following: "The arrangements that are now unfolding are degrading and shameful, but no more so than the rather similar patterns that are being instituted throughout much of the world, as the real western ideals, not those of the fairy tales, have overcome many popular barriers to their realization. Some have progressed more than others in turning into human dust the wastes of society, the fate predicted for the Palestinians in 1948, but that is the direction in which much of the world is going, and will go if the masters are permitted to design a world order in which [quoting George Bush] 'what we say goes.'"

If, as Chomsky believes, the United States is undermining true peaceful settlements, and presenting a "peace process" that fulfills its own interests, then it may be interesting to see how much the United States becomes involved in peace negotiations throughout the world within the next few years. Just a few weeks ago, there were reports in the news of US involvement in the possible negotiations between the IRA and Britain. After listening to what Chomsky has to say, one might consider that maybe this is the United States' future role in the world, that of the great "peacemaker", who is really promoting peace for its own gains, because control by force is just not as popular as it used to be. Obviously, control by peaceable means is much less noticeable, or disturbing, to the general population than control by force, especially when most people think that true peaceful agreements are taking place.

Comments and criticism welcomed.

whatsoever. The economic reality is that the TTC relies 68% on self-generated revenues (fares, advertising on TTC property, leases and charter services) the balance coming from Metro and Provincial coffers. In order to offer post-secondary students a cut-rate Metropass, the TTC would lose \$2 million a year, leaving the University and College branch to make up the shortfall. Real life, it appears, is not a bowl of cherries.

If, indeed, the TTC has a "shit-shovelling" history it can only be from attempts by those diligent coffee-break shirkers who are building the Spadina Rapid Transit line and who constantly shovel up student excrement left behind on the way home from over-refreshed events at the Sticky Wicket. And the efforts of the sympathetic councillor whose name escapes me but sounds much like an eater of pitted Martini garnishes, would be best directed elsewhere.

If one were to cut back on two pints of hops weekly, TTC fares would even be within reach of the most impoverished academic. But I understand from my sources that would be a misappropriation of OSAP funds.

They young Gamay is a little fruity but only costs \$6.95 a bottle. Although I am starting a lobby group to arrange student discounts at the LCBO. If you wish to march on the Queen's Quay liquor store please forward a letter and a photograph of yourself in a compromising position to me, care of the *Innis Herald*.

Lastly, purely for informational purposes, I have never worked for the TTC, have no relatives in it and rarely ride the big red machine. In one lucid moment I believe I applied to operate the Queen nightcar, but I recall the brown uniforms were too prickly for my delicate skin. Mind the doors!

Walksaler Service	978-7233
Student Patrol and Escort	(SAFE)
U of T Police Information	978-2323
U of T Police Emergency	978-2222
Metro Police Emergency	911
Assaulted Women's Helpline	863-0511
Victim Assistance Program for Lesbian & Gay Victims of Violence	392-6874
Women's College Hospital Sexual Assault Care Centre	323-6040
Metro Police Sexual Assault Squad	324-6060
Feedback and questions may be directed to University of Toronto Police 581 Spadina Avenue Toronto, Ontario M5S 2H3.	





# RECORDS & REVIEWS

## Bev and Steph of TRANCENDANCE present ... THE LIVING ROOM

9 p.m. - 5 a.m.  
Thursday, October 20th, 1994

by Ravin' C.

After two years of raving, Bev and Steph decided to get involved in the scene by co-founding TRANCENDANCE. Inspired by a trip to England, they brought some ideas back and along with the intent to keep their parties relatively small and underground, they successfully put on the 3rd Canadian All-Ambient-Night which happened on Thursday, October 20th at University College's Junior Common Room called The Living Room. The unique location and beautiful music set just the right tone for the night. Just after midnight, the pace of the music started to pick up, and all those who had been lounging on the couches came out of the shadows, filled the empty dance floor,

and started freaking out. People kept on pouring in throughout the night and there was never a dull moment. On one half of the wall there was a variety of film loops, and on the other side, silent classic films such as *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, and *Nosferatu* were shown while colourful lights danced around them. I think it was safe to say that fun was had by all. Bev and Steph's next event is coming up on Friday, November 4th when they present a night of acid house, acid trance and acid jazz with a way-cool lineup of DJs plus live musicians! Look for the bright orange flyers or call 921-7452. It's gonna be well wicked (you suck if you don't come!).

## treble charger with hayden october 10th ... horseshoe tavern

by Rob Barber

The Horseshoe, to my surprise, was packed for a Tuesday night, no doubt due to the free admission and the fact that new local heroes **Treble Charger** (Ex NC-17) were playing with **Hayden**.

Prior to the headliners taking the stage, Hayden performed an inspired set (coffee-house folk music with edge) to an uninspired room. Despite Hayden's effort and ability, the crowd -- consisting primarily of university students in varying modes of dress -- were ignorantly disinterested. During a great rendition of "Take" (the song appearing on last year's *CFNY Discovery to Disc CD*) people couldn't help but fall drunkenly off tables. It happened.

The crowd picked themselves up as soon as Treble Charger took the stage, bringing with them a super-energized, albeit short, set of guitar-driven melodic alternarock. Their music sounded very much like many bands who have emerged from the very cool east-coast music scene (read: Sloan, Eric's Trip, Jale, etc.). Even so, the band has im-

proved upon their stage presentation immensely. I saw them once before, opening for another act about a year ago. Much of the credit to their improved sound should be given to the band's top-notch sound tech, now an integral part of their show. This in no way is meant to belittle the group's superb technical ability.

But getting back to the sound tech for a second. The guy did an impressive job with intensity changes. And God knows, I'm an absolute sucker for a good passive-to-aggressive intensity change.

Alas, the show was not long (about 45 minutes). The band left the stage soon after playing "Reed", a song currently featured on the current *CFNY* New Music disc. Treble Charger did a very capable job of justifying their current industry status as a potential next BIG THING. Who knows -- if they do cop the 100 G's offered in the *CFNY* discovery contest, they'll be able to afford that PA, as well as deserve the accolades that go with it.

## KILLJOYS WITH PUNCH BUGGY

Horseshoe Tavern, October 18th

by Rob Barber

The opening band tonight was Punchbuggy, hand-picked by headliners the Killjoys. Unfortunately, I missed the majority of their set (something to do with an exam), but what I did see was some competent, peppy, up-tempo rock, reminiscent of the Doughboys. In fact, the drummer looked like one of the Doughboys (dreadlocks and all). Their set went so far as to include a well-done remake of Men At Work's "Who Can It Be Now?"

Later on the Killjoys, who brought a loyal following from Hamilton, (I'd hate to be a Go Bus-driver to-night) showed their newly-shot video of "Today I Hate Everybody". And after a few technical difficulties were overcome, we were treated to what amounted to a pretty cool video. Then the show started.

Okay, the Killjoys' sound: imagine the Lemonheads with a healthy injection of testosterone. They are loud, brash and like to play **POWER CHORDS!**

The problem with the Killjoys is that they suffer from an annoying musical illness known as "samesongitis" -- if you hear the first three songs of their set, you've heard them all. The songs are based primarily on the same chords and structure, and consequently tend to sound alike. However, there were a couple that stood out: one is the aforementioned video tune; the other was "Dana", currently found on the *CFNY* New Music disc.

As I sit here at the bar I can hear the grumbling of my stomach accompanying the band. It's telling me the sound of a pizza cutter going through a pie at Cora's sounds damn good... I'm outta here.

## ARTIS, CONSOLIDATED, AND MC 900 ft JESUS OPERA HOUSE

by Julia Burton

When Artis said that music was his first language, he wasn't kidding. Spoons may seem like an odd instrument of choice, but in Artis' hands they are keys to an amazing rhythmical universe. Hitting every part of his body, he really made those spoons sing. His unique talent doesn't stop there. Artis also sang poetry pieces and then blessed us with a duel flute piece, during which he played simultaneously out of his mouth and nose! An attentive audience sat on the cement floor of the Opera House. When Artis finished sharing his individuality with us, there was a thunderous applause. The crowd even sang "Happy Birthday" to him with members of the next two bands. I couldn't believe the guy was 46 years old but at least there are cool old people out there.

Before Consolidated began their set, all their T-shirt-sporting fans moved closer to the stage. They didn't move up to mosh, because before they started the band told everyone to be respectful of each other's space -- no moshing! I figured in Toronto this might be redundant. So many audiences here are so unwilling to dance or mosh or show much outward interest at all. Anyway Consolidated was politically aware and expressed their strong opinions with very direct lyrics, wicked thumping grooves, and graphic videos. It's a shame I had trouble hearing the words, but the footage shown of guns and men ejaculating or animal vivisection and slaughter definitely assisted me with the intended meanings of the songs. After an hour of listening and watching very heavy issues,

I felt totally drained. I was relieved to have the quieter question-and-answer session that followed the musical assault. Intelligence was all around (excepting some oafs hooting in the back) and there was an excellent debate over animal testing ethics vs. human benefit. The band argued and defended their views well. They are big-time vegans! I figured it must be quite a job to stay so politically righteous, especially since they did get signed to a major label recently, and they were accused of hypocrisy because of it. Oh, well. Welcome to life. Consolidated seemed to have irritated some of those people in the back, but they definitely managed to educate and entertain me.

MC 900 ft Jesus was the reason I bought my ticket. The song "The City Sleeps" gives me goosebumps. The ambience of this set was entirely different from the rest of the evening. Mark Griffin is a strange poet and the music swayed from jazz improv to funky hip-hop record-scratching. The band sounded great and it included two real-live-genuine non-syntho drummers and a sexy bassist with a wild hairdo. For most of the set, I found myself drawn into the odd stories Griffin told in a Beastie Boys/Tom Waits kinda way. My mind would just drift off with the music. As far as I know, my Red Baron only consisted of beer, so I guess MC 900 ft Jesus succeeded in sucking me in to their alternate reality.

I feel lucky. I got to dance, listen to intelligent arguments, space out, sing happy birthday, and drink beer. A good





# RECORDS & REVIEWS

## RAVE 101: REPORT

By Hubert & Borphan

For those who caught our last article about RAVE, we would like to give you our impressions on the last two RAVES that we went to.

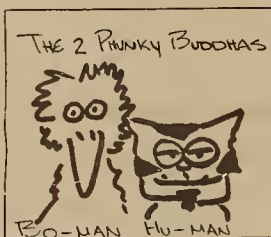
The first of the two was "Renegades" which was run by Syrous in conjunction with Pleasure Force. From what we can remember, Syrous started out at the end of 1993 summer (?) and has up to this date produced some of Toronto's finest hardcore parties such as "Judgement Day", and the October 8th party ("Renegades"). Almost as a giant monolith falling from the sky, the location was more than simply spacious, as it held upwards of 3,500 (hippies, ravers, skaters and anyone else who attended and we haven't mentioned), all dancing to the furious magical (mystical) influences that were being spun by Darren Jay, Slipmaster J, Sniper, Kenny Ken, and Jumpin' Jack Frost, along with other fine young dreamweavers, either homegrown Canadian or shipped in from the U.K.

By the end of this wonderful night (around six o'clock in the morning) our bodies were stripped of almost all moisture. Upon leaving "Renegades", we were witness to the many puddles of human sweat which covered most, if not all, of the floor.

Our next RAVE attendance was

"The Erotic Prophecy" which was run by Delirium. A message for all you ravers from Pickering: STOP BUYING ALL THAT PHUCT CARDBOARD! IT'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU! And stop buying it from Leon. And for all you Commerce (and others who enjoy Calculus) ravers when dealing with Natural Logarithms: DROP THE E! Delirium was a good party (or yum-yum dim sum as Nara would say). We especially remember the vicious trax spun by T.O.'s finest: Sniper, Mystical Influence, Jungle Ph.D., Medicine Muffin (to name a few), and featuring Nicky Blackmarket, one of the U.K.'s best hardcore deejays. While not as big as Syrous, Delirium still delivered a good time.

Let us not forget Destiny 6 which took place on October 1st. Unfortunately we could not attend.



## NEW AND USED

A Monthly Review of New and Not-So-New CDs By Damien Boyes

**DISCLAIMER:** Let me preface this by saying that as a music critic, I suck. I like what I like -- no more. I'm not going to give extensive explanations of every track and the overall musical style as compared to the golden age of whatever it is I'm reviewing. This is my own personal opinion and the Herald will not take responsibility for anything I have to say, unless they want to. Thank you.

**BONEY M.**  
Boney M. Gold 1992

The only positive things that I remember about our old eight-track are the Muppet's concert album (especially "Gonzo Eats a Tire To the Tune of Flight of the Bumble Bee") and Boney M. It was the early '80s, and *Battle Star Galactica* was one of my favourite shows. Now on this Boney M. album there is this song called "Night Flight to Venus" that has what sounds like a Cylon (those evil robot guys) on it and I loved it. When I saw this CD for sale I snatched it up immediately and went home and revelled in the '70s disco tunes that emanated from my stereo. Classics like "Rasputin", "Ma Baker" and, yes, "Night Flight to Venus". This is a great recording for anyone longing for the late-'70s. I definitely recommend it.

**R.E.M.**  
Manster 1994

You have heard all there is to hear about this CD. It is a reversion to a style more reminiscent of their

earlier albums. Michael Stipe is at his unintelligible best once again. It's much more light-hearted and "poppy". I can't offer you any more additional information except that there is this guitar-echo effect that is used almost continuously throughout the album. You've heard it on "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?", and it's on 75% of the songs; after a while it becomes annoying.

.....  
**LOVE AND ROCKETS**  
HOT TRIP TO HEAVEN

It has been five long years since *Love and Rockets*' last release and boy have they changed. During these past years they have pursued solo projects and obviously have been influenced by a lot of different styles. In a recent interview at CFNY, Daniel Ash cited bands such as *The Orb* and *Primal Scream* as sources of inspiration. Ash's haunting and soaring vocals makes for songs free in spirit as the titles "Trip and Glide", "No Worries" and "Set Me Free" suggest. I find it quite refreshing to hear the music of one band evolve so much over the years. If you are still into the old-school Love and Rockets sound, perhaps you will not like this new one, but if you are ready to be pleasantly surprised by this new and experimental sound, go for it -- it's a good buy. It's not good ... it's grrrrreat!

Caroline



King Cobb Steele

**KING COBB STEELIE**  
PROJECT TWINKLE  
(lunamoth)

The new King Cobb Steelie disc was a personally well-awaited gift. If you have ever seen them live you know what I mean.

The new album maintains the combination of wicked funk, rock, and hip-hop samples. The lead track "Skimp" proves a great example of the band's diversity. King Cobb even goes so far as to bring in a horn section on the long-winded, but utterly cool "80% Knockout".

This, the second album from the Guelph-based quintet, is a bit different from their self-titled debut. Quite a few of the songs are in the eight to 10-minute range, most of them appearing on Side II of the album. This may alienate some people who are used to the standard radio-length tune, but to King Cobb Steelie fans it means don't butt out that joint -- it's gotta last a very trippy eight-to-10 minutes.

Rob Barber

**DINOSAUR JR.**  
WITHOUT A SOUND  
(Warner)

Once again, J Mascis has shown why he is considered one of the most influential songwriters of the alternative genre. *Without a Sound* is a solid collection of what Dinosaur fans have come to expect from their previous work...with some variations. There are the usual rockers like "Feel the Pain" and "I Don't Think So", but the album is quieter, more melodic and contains no less than three ballads! The most notable of these is "Seemed Like the Thing To Do".

As usual, Mascis plays all instruments, with the exception of bass guitar, which is played by Mike Johnson. On most tracks Johnson doesn't seem to exist, which is the album's only flaw; he is constantly being drowned out by guitar over-dubs and pounding drums. Dinosaur fans, as well as those who enjoy good -- no, make that exceptional -- alternative rock, will like this album.

Rob Barber





# RECORDS & REVIEWS

## NOFX For Vegans



NOFX play RPM with Face To Face on Sunday, November 13th.

by Noam Freeman

Can you have punk rock without a context or a system of values for it, however fluid their form is? This is a question that resonates each time a new jewel case is snapped shut and each time a DIY band dives from their reservoir of sincerity into a puddle of Punk with a capital "profit".

This punk is a slippery fish to catch, and when you have, do you eat it or do you throw it back?

NOFX aren't making any promises either way with regards to integrity, but their dead-on lyrics and calibrated music is keeping their place for now.

The bonus is that main-man Mike is keeping the vinyl alive with a new NOFX 3-song 12" on his label Fat Wreck Chords, possibly in January, which will feature "We Ain't Shit" and an as-yet-unnamed song that didn't make it on to *Punk In Drublic*, plus a disco remix. And he persuaded Snuff to reform for him.

So what Mike considers punk is "aggressive music without a lot of bullshit" and he thinks it's punk that bands are signing who are not really professional musicians, but having fun and playing because they

love it.

Fucking fucked-up shit up does amount to sincerity, but I think that shit is fucked up. My definition of "punk" does not include Warner! NOFX make big bones about keeping their major-label options open and not saying otherwise because it'd be considered hypocritical; the problem with Fat is that records sell between 20,000 - 40,000 copies, but they don't get radio or TV airtime. I think they like pissing me off.

NOFX come to *MCA Concerts'* RPM show with Face To Face and Ten Foot Pole (X-Scared Straight) and will be bringing with them a one-hour NOFX Fat video of mostly live and interview footage since 1985, plus the four videos of their 10-year career.

NOFX would not go death-metal if Sony offered them lots of cash. "We wouldn't do anything for cash 'cause we're makin' lots of cash already." Again, that punk is a slippery fish to catch and one must realize the fish can survive only so long above the surface of the lake, and no matter how good a half-eaten fish may taste, it's dead, dammit.

## Craig Mack Project: Funk Da World LP (Bad Boy)

Craig Mack suffers from two things: Weird-Face syndrome and Huge Hit-Single syndrome.

The first disorder is of no relevance at all. The second is what causes *Project: Funk Da World* to come off as a let-down. "Flava In Ya Ear", Mack's single, rocks. The first big rap hit since Warren G's "Regulate", it brings the no-worry, good-time feeling back to a scene filled with shitty G-funk and played-out Old Skool. "Flava In Ya Ear" is so good, in fact, the album has already sold lots of copies on the strength of it. It's almost a burn on everyone who bought it, since some of the album ain't so good.

It's like this: the best tracks all sound like "Flava In Ya Ear", and the other tracks all sound like bad remixes of "Flava In Ya Ear". But y'know, "Flava In Ya Ear" is so good, the other songs aren't that bad at all. If variety's yer thing, this album isn't for you. Keep in mind though, that variety destroyed the Goals, and wounded De La Soul and Beastie Boys. Mack uses a cool sample of the "Days of Our Lives" theme, and throws in some EPMD and Stetsasonic for good measure. If this was M.E.A.T. magazine, and Mack was some rocker, his album would get the "Great for a party"-rating. The album bounces, no doubt, but to the same rhythm and pace.

Rob Judges



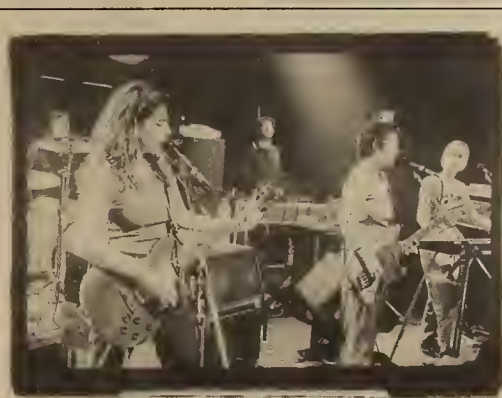
## Monster X 7"

(Dysgusher)

Ragingly powerful straightedge hardcore here. In the spirit of previous New York bands like *Life's Blood* and *Youth of Today*, but verging from the straight he root with a brutal grind influence, *Monster X* come up with a potent blend of rabid power thrash, with speed and intensity to spare. All the while, inhuman vocalist John X vomits forth strong lyrics decrying overpopulation, the assault on reproductive rights, and, simultaneously, the war on drugs and the idiocy of the drug culture. Fuck shitty "alternative" college rock *a la* Bad Religion and Green Day; this is Die Hard Core for 1994.

Mordechai Ondaatje

Free *Monster X 7"* goes to the first two people who call Noam at 516-2292 and answers the question: Do you touch the black?



Luscious Jackson at Lee's Palace Sunday, October 9th: the

only thing hpunkier

Disclose

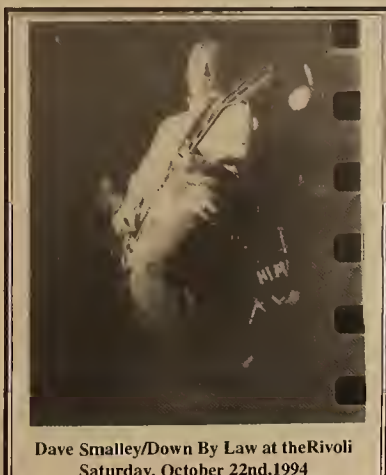
*After the War Started 7"*  
(Overthrow Records)

Japan's race to achieve world hardcore supremacy takes yet another giant step forward with this superlative slab of pure crusty noise. Although far from ground-breaking in concept, this particular *Dis-clone* outfit surges ahead of the pack with seven thunderous salvos of intensity equalled by very few acts of this decade. What really makes *Disclose* main so is the ridiculously-high distortion levels employed, resulting in a guitar sound that crosses the pain threshold, combined with primitive bludgeoning rhythms and relentless roaring vocals. This makes this an essential record for anyone into savage foreign hardcore.

Farley Bissoondath

XXX

Hardcore



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# FILM & MOVIE REVIEWS

## FULL SCREEN

by Linda Galvin

**FULL SCREEN:** Coalition of Film and Video makers of Colour and Aboriginal People

Recently (Oct 20-23) **FULL SCREEN** presented a conference, called **MEDIA COLOURS**, which addressed critical media issues facing Aboriginal and People of Colour. Although **MEDIA COLOURS** focused on the many problems, such as casting, producing and the main underlining structures which limit the possibilities of film- and video-makers who are of "non-white" background, it also brought forth these same issues in respect of both women and disabled people in the industry. **MEDIA COLOURS** was a series of workshops, screenings, and panel discussions, of which the third aspect was of most interest to myself. In total the conference's primary objective was directed towards networking by encouraging a support system whereby information-gathering and sharing is possible. "Casting Blues" Panel

The first panel discussion involved the idea of accessibility to employment within an industry that has

constructed the role according to underlying assumptions which are generally unchallenged. One member of the panel explained how she/he looked forward to seeing more people of colour in film, citing an example that there should be more stories which deal with "a family who must deal with the fact that their son was just shot in the back of the head". Personally, I agree with another panelist, Sandi Ross (of ACTRA) who stated that she was not interested in any more of these types of stories. The problem with the remark of the first panelist is twofold. First, and most obvious, is that the idea of the story is a stereotypical assumption for the role of a person of colour. Second, and more significant, to the aims of the conference is the fact that the person who put forth the story idea was totally oblivious to her/his error. The point is that when an actor goes to an audition for a role, the way she/he should act should not be predetermined according to any stereotypes of her/his ethnic background. For example, not all East Indians have accents as one member of the audience pointed out.

The keynote speaker, Anthony Sherwood (*Street Legal*) pointed out that

a non-white actor, in addition to possessing a dedicated commitment to their craft by going to many auditions, etc., she/he must be a social activist by working within organizations that are specifically designed to promote positive images of people of colour and Aboriginal people. Historically speaking, during the mid-seventies people of colour were not permitted to act in commercials since the industry officials were "afraid of how products would sell". Any casting agents who attempted to defy this system of logic were blacklisted. In addition, there was a central concern about the fact that people of colour are usually represented in situation comedies, as opposed to dramatic stories. A primary suggestion which came from the panel was the need to be visible -- to make an impact on the major organizations (OFDC, LIFT, CBC) which are available since it is these very structures which are inherently discriminating. "Changing the Face of the Media" Panel

The second panel discussion focused on broader issues including the need for organizations, such as The Black Film & Video Network, to increase productions by, and about, people

of Colour and Aboriginal people. The concept of increasing production extended to the need for networking with other similar organizations, professional development (i.e., acting training), and continuous lobbying of the press and funding organizations (i.e., Telefilm, OFDC). Social activity by such groups as The Black Film & Video Network, and the first conference (which spawned **FULL SCREEN SHOOTING THE SYSTEM**), were responsible for the development of specifically-designed funding bodies, including the Racial Equity Fund. As a result of the political activism, there has been some relief from what a panelist called the "cinema of representation", which involves films centred around race. Now the objective is to represent people of Colour and Aboriginal people in films which focus on general human stories which are not a reflection of underlying stereotypes. In addition, there is a necessity for critical writing on the films that are being produced so that they can be both promoted and challenged as worthy works of art.

## FILM RATINGS

by Unknown

**I Like it Like That:** Darnell Martin's (a first-time director) poignant Bronx tale encompasses issues of sexuality, family and marriage within a Latino family setting. The Latin music combined with the editing makes one feel they are watching a video at moments, but the strength of the characters and the solid backdrop of the city makes this film fulfilling to watch.

**Natural Born Killers:** Micky and Mallory go on a killing spree across America, but the real villains are the media who create heroes out of these two miscreants. Oliver Stone (and Quentin Tarantino as writer) lays out media violence without excusing anyone as victim, and explodes the screen with graphic images of wild vehemence. Definitely see it.

**The River Wild:** I never knew river-rafting could be so dull. Meryl Streep (Gail) as the embodiment of power does not save this impotent group of men from floating down current.

**The Shawshank Redemption:** It's a film worth seeing, but let's not get too excited over a film that reveals its plot in the advertisements for it. If you like the dreamy-eyed Tim Robbins (Andy Dufresne) who plays an unjustly convicted killer incarcerated for twenty years then you will not be disappointed. Everything in this film is both predict-

able and unexciting, but it's glossy Hollywood style saves it.

**Speed:** Exciting -- but too much hype over it.

**Trial By Jury:** There is a significant rule of thumb in scriptwriting, even if a character, or her/his situation is boring you do not write it like that. The depiction of bureaucracy in this film loses sight of what should be most interesting, and that is the plight of the woman juror who is being manipulated by all of the male characters.

**Wes Craven's New Nightmare:** Any Freddy Krueger fans will be disappointed by this shallow examination of reality versus unreality story. This film is more interesting if viewed from the perspective of a writer's difficulty in completing a script. Freddy is dead and this is a feeble attempt to resuscitate box-office receipts.

**Whale Music:** Maury Chuykin gives a well-rounded performance given the best lines of dialogue, although the character of Claire (Cindy Preston) is under-written, and suffers as a result of this weakness. The story revolves around a once popular rock star, now in hiding from a nasty wife, a manager, and memories of his dead brother, who is in the process of creating a symphony for whales. The symbolism is a bit thick, but the dialogue is great. This is a Canadian film well worth checking out.



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# FILM & MOVIE REVIEWS

## Clerks: A conveniently refreshing movie

by Linda Galvin

*Clerks* is a raw comedic romp through a convenience store, an environment well-known to everyone. Accustomed to classical Hollywood, a viewer expects that something serious will happen, such as a robbery, instead *Clerks* is simply, but not merely, a day in the life of two clerks. Dante runs the convenience store while Randal (occasionally) looks after the video store. Although there is not much of a storyline to the film other than the little love interest which intertwines itself alongside a series of incidents in an otherwise non-eventful day, *Clerks* operates wonderfully on the level of dialogue, especially that of Randa who encourages Dante to just "let out" at the customers sometimes.

*Clerks* is an interactive experience during which the audience can easily identify with real-size characters. The film opens with a sequence which lightly comments on the self-serving actions of a man who discourages every customer who enters the store to buy cigarettes to serve his own materialistic needs. There are plenty of characters, and situations, with which anyone can identify as the two would-be clerks manage to fend off weird antics of a man obsessed with securing the perfect dozen of eggs, a woman who retrieves the freshest milk from the back of the fridge, and strange requests from a porno-mag addict who wishes to use the toilet.

Warning: Do not go to see this film expecting to see a high-budget chase-sequence with a horse on the top of a skyscraper. These two off-beat, yet normal, characters only play hockey on top of the stripmall. *Clerks* simply provides a refreshing couple hours of laughter which, in some ways, harkens back to the days when you basically picked up a camera and worked with a few people to create a story. Although *Clerks* does not gratuitously display the costs of film success through visual means (i.e., glossy film) it retains the interest of the viewer long after the film is over through its witty, well-written dialogue spoken by everyday, "real" characters who speak without hesitation. *Clerks*

is not composed of an expensive promotional package consisting of a star, a producer/director team and a mega-million dollar budget (which ends up being only another version of the film released last week but with a different title). Nor is *Clerks* one of those films which people will go to a video store and ask, "Do you have that one, with that guy, in that movie that was out last year?" Although *Clerks* does not possess a veil of reverence between it and the viewer because of its evident rough edges it certainly stands above many of the films I viewed at the recent Toronto International Film Festival.

## pulp fiction's enduring appeal

by Shawn Boughey

Pulp Crime is a genre which continues to retain a special status among many movie goers. Nothing comes close to a quick-witted wiseguy getting in over his head against a ruthless crime boss and his heat-packing henchmen. In the best of these films, intelligence and the instinct for self-preservation win out over massive firepower.

Steven Frear's film *The Grifters* is a tense story about a small time con man who makes the move to the "big grift". Through the course of a twisting, suspenseful plot the very nature of "Truth" and Identity are brought into question. *Miller's Crossing* represents the Coen brothers (of *Raising Arizona*

and *Barton Fink*) foray into the gangster film genre. Gabrielle Byrne plays a smart, hardened gangster who gets caught between his loyalty to his aging crime boss and his desire for a woman. He must manoeuvre himself smoothly between two rival dons and keep himself alive to make "the smart play". *Goodfellas* is Martin Scorsese's definitive modern gangster film. All of the usual mafia suspects are here, including Ray Liotta and Robert De Niro. Scorsese recaptures the success of his previous collaboration with De Niro in *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*. Scorsese's familiarity with the conventions of this genre frees the talent in this film to showcase their outstanding acting ability. *Goodfellas* has more to offer in character depth alone than many gangster films have in their entirety. Definitely see it.

CINSSU - SAC Free Friday Films presents five films of the Pulp Crime genre which run each Friday at 7:00 pm in Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue. The films include:

*The Grifters* on Nov. 11, Stanley Kubrick's *The Killer* on Nov 18, *Miller's Crossing* on Nov. 25, Jean-Luc Godard's *Pierrot le Fou* on Dec. 2, and finishing the line up with *Goodfellas* on Dec. 9. For more information about these and other Free Friday Films, pick up a flyer at SAC or Innis (CINSSU Office Room 307).

## I LOVE QUENTIN

by Cass Rnright

Everyone just loves Quentin Tarantino. He is a grade nine dropout, former video store clerk, who makes ultra cool, violent crime films. He is a self-proclaimed film geek, who can ramble on about obscure films for hours. Now, since the release of his latest film, *Pulp Fiction*, everyone is jumping on the 'I love Quentin' paddy wagon. The truth is, *Pulp* is very good, and worthy of what everyone is saying. Not quite as god-like as all the reviews say, but a great film nonetheless. In a nutshell, the film revolves around a selection of gangsters, and their intertwining lives. There are hitmen John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson, boxer Bruce Willis, Bonnie & Clyde-esque lovers Tim Roth, Amanda Plummer and the mob boss and his wife Uma Thurman, with gangster Harvey Keitel and Quentin Tarantino thrown into the fun. There are a series of storylines and plot twists that weave in

and out of each other, which really can not be explained in words. Just see it.

Personally, I liked *Reservoir Dogs* better. I found it more raw, more chilling than *Pulp*. *Pulp* boasts *Reservoir Dogs*' alumni Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Quentin Himself, and a sly cameo by Steve Buscemi as Buddy Holly. The script is vastly improved in *Pulp*, with more witty dialogues between characters on all useless subjects as cheeseburgers in France to foot massages and pigs with personality. Watch out for utterly hilarious scenes involving Quentin Tarantino's garage signs and Christopher Walken's ass.

So if you are a fan of John Travolta, swearing, guns, obscure '70s tunes (Urge Overkill covering Neil Diamond rocks), sharp dialogue and nipple rings, go see this film. If not, see it anyways. You will be a fan of the above things, *Pulp Fiction* and Quentin Tarantino after the experience.

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## \$18 BASED ON A TRUE STORY

by Oook: *Speaker To Rodents*

There is a soft, almost inaudible crunch as I break the lock on the motel door. I kick the bits of deadbolt inside, and slip into the darkness. I move left quickly, to the suitcases, with a practiced step, effortlessly gliding around the night stand. I pick the cases up and, feeling that they are soft, draw my knife. The cloth slices easily with a quiet ripping, barely noticeable above the sounds of rain. I reach inside the lining, pulling out the bundle of traveler's cheques. I do the same to the other case, and then quickly check the table between the beds, finding it easily in the dark. Empty. I slip out of the room quietly, pulling the door shut, and using a strip of duct tape, tape it closed. I sheath the knife and pick up my sledgehammer. I check to make sure that it is still wrapped properly. Its head is covered in a hand towel, and taped with electrical tape to reduce reflection. The handle is only two hand spans long, but I don't need much.

**"His movement suggest grace and power"**

I look around, the adrenaline flowing in earnest now, and move on to the next room. I hit the door above the handle, and the door frame splits with a sharp crack. I dive inside, listening intently. There doesn't seem to be a sound, and I get up. I move to the suitcases, knowing from long practice where they will be. I know the layout of these rooms perfectly, and everyone leaves their things in the same places. Just as I reach down, there is a prickle at the back of my neck. Something below hearing alerts me; I take up my tools and half-turn to the door. A bear of a man fills the small opening, the glint of his pistol the only visible feature. I freeze, hoping he hasn't seen me. He moves into the room cautiously, moving almost silently, frightening in such a large man. His movements suggest grace and power, and cold sweat begins to run into my eyes as I watch the man intently. He gets within a few feet, and I feel the panic fill me. I can't be caught!

I throw the hammer at him, and break for the window opposite the door. I almost make it when a piece of cloth catches at my ankles, and I go down. As I reach down to free my feet, I look back. I got lucky and hit him with the hammer, but he didn't make a sound. I pull the cloth away, knowing even in the dark that it's a bra. He doesn't know where I am, but he is moving toward me, past me to the window, as I hold my breath. I jump to my feet and run through the open door, into the rain. I am half a mile away, lying in a rain-filled ditch when I realize I am still holding the bra in my hands. I have held it so

tightly that a broken wire has cut into my palm. I throw it away, and get out of the ditch to flag down a ride. As a rig slows to a halt ten minutes later, I check my fanny pack to see if I still have the money. I do, and it feels like a lot. I get in, entering a welcome womb of warmth and the gentle voice of Patsy Cline.

Two days and four states later it is still raining, but now it is a cold, ugly rain that attacks the windshield of another truck as it pulls into a gas station. I look out past it, and see a row of five motels on both sides of the freeway, three of which are part of chains that I know well, and two independently owned. The money is almost gone, so I say goodbye to the driver and run through the rain. I look around as I check in to one of the independent motels, liking the way they have tried to give it class.

I get to my room and wait for it to grow dark. I found a cheap backpack two stops back, and a hardware store, and I spend an hour taping up another sledge and cutting back the handle. I throw away the bag and the bits of wood and tape, and look about my room, memorizing its layout.

When it is fully dark I set out, going to the other independent motel, and looking in one of the windows at the back. It looks easy, so I go to the doors and check it. Someone tried to save some money by buying cheap doors. They won't make that mistake again.

I look around, pleased that the storm is intensifying. There seems to be no one about, so I set my feet, and hit the door. It pops with a satisfying clink of the deadbolt falling to the floor, and I enter smoothly, dropping the sledge by the door. Within a few seconds I discover some money in one suitcase, and move quickly to the night stand.

I open the drawer and slip my hand in.

"Freeze! Security!" is the bellow behind me.

My hands close on an object in the drawer, and I spin, lashing out with the soft but heavy form. There is a flash of lightning, and I see a man's

face for an instant, just as the book in my hand connects with his temple. He lets out a muted grunt and tumbles in the darkness. I hear his foot hit something, and he falls. I am on him in an instant. The heavy book in my hand moves almost of its own accord, rising and falling with a frenzied rhythm. For a while there is nothing

**"I realize I am still holding the bra in my hands."**

but the movement of my arm and a wet, repeated thudding.

I come to my senses, kneeling on the floor of the motel room. My arm is numb, and in the low light from the open door I can just make out the bloodied miasma of the Security guard's face. He isn't breathing, but more important, he made noise, and might have had a partner. I get up and run out the door, across the fields, into the night.

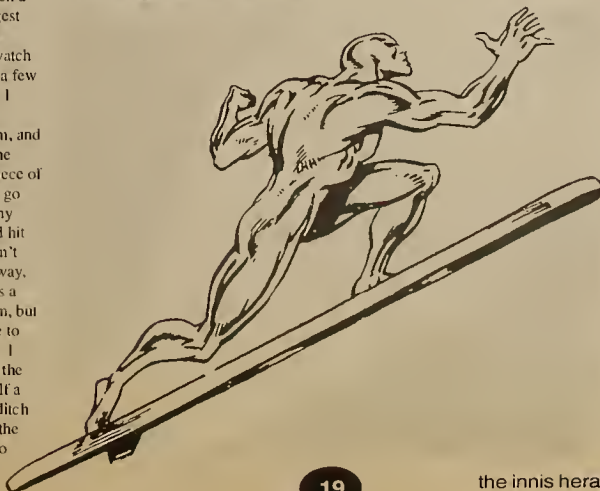
Hours later I stop in a small stand of trees and fall to my knees again. I look at my hand, to see what is in it. Through the blood, matted grass and hair I can just make out the words:

"Placed by the Gideons" in plain gold script.

I throw it away, and put my face in my hands as my body is racked by sobs. Uncontrollable, they shake me to exhaustion, and I fall asleep where I collapse, under the trees.

I wake shivering, and I know that I am sick. There is a fog to my thoughts that I can't shake, and I am sure it is due to fever. I remember to look in my fanny pack, and the money that I found in the suitcase is there. I count it out, my hands quaking slightly. Eighteen dollars. I think for a moment about the guard, and then clamp down on that thought and think about the future. What can I do? I know the answer, and look at the money again. More than enough for breakfast, a few new clothes and another sledge. I start the long walk to the highway.

The End



Something need not please me... it has a right to be heard, read, expressed and exist.

It's been done before but, well, short stuff deserves to have its say.

L'amour est sans pitié  
love is dirty business  
-Jean Loup et La Sale Affair

Information is not knowledge/  
Knowledge is not wisdom/  
Wisdom is not truth/  
Truth is not beauty/  
Beauty is not love/  
Love is not music/  
MUSIC is the best...  
-Frank Zappa from Joe's Garage

The Real Thing

I know the feeling  
It is the real thing  
The essence of the truth  
The perfect moment  
That golden moment  
I know you feel it too  
I know the feeling  
It is the real thing  
You can't refuse the embrace...  
It's like the pattern below the skin  
You gotta reach out and pull it all in  
And you feel like you're too close  
So you swallow another dose  
The pinnacle of happiness  
Filling up your soul  
You don't think you can take any more  
You never wanna let go  
To touch the roots of experience  
The most basic ingredients  
To see the unseen glitter of life  
And feel the dirt, grief, anger and strife  
Cherish the certainty of now  
It kills you a bit at a time  
Cradle the inspiration  
It will leave you writing on the floor...  
This is so unreal, what I feel  
This nourishment, life is beat  
Into a shape I can hold  
A twist of fate, all my own  
Just grin your teeth, make no sound  
Take a step away and look around  
Just clench your fist and close your eyes  
Look deep inside, hypnotize  
The whisper is but a shout  
That's what it is all about  
Yes, the ecstasy, you can pray  
You will never let it slip away

Like the sacred song that someone sings  
through you  
Like the flesh so warm that the them  
sticks into  
Like the dream you know one day will  
come to life  
Try to hold on just a little longer,  
stronger  
It's the jewel of victory  
The chasm of misery  
And once you have bitten the core  
You will always know the flavour  
The split second of divinity  
You drink up the sky  
All of heaven is in your arms  
You know the reason why  
It's right there, all by itself  
And what you are, there is nothing else  
You're growing a life within a life  
The tips of wonder kiss you inside  
And when it's over the feeling remains  
It all comes down to this  
The smoke clears, I see what it is  
That made me feel this way...  
This is so unreal, what I feel  
Flood, sell your soul, feel the blood  
Pump through your veins, can't explain  
The element that's everything  
Just clench your fist and close your eyes  
Look deep inside, hypnotize  
Yes, the ecstasy, you can pray  
You will never let it slip away  
Like the echoes of your childhood  
laughter, ever after  
Like the first time love urged you to take  
its guidance, in silence  
Like your heartbeat when you realize  
you're dying, but you're trying  
Like the way you cry for a happy  
ending, ending...  
I know

Words by Michael Patton, Music by  
Faith No More.



by Cesare Caligari

I led her into the room through white numbers, the victims of elephantiasis that shouted their mantra, "two-two-two," as we were sucked into the void. The man was encased in a simple wooden box when we entered. His hard voice told us, "I know your names now; there is no escape." The room, black, was blanketed with heavy fabric that blocked out light, except for some hidden streams, those bursts of whiteness that seemed painted onto the walls. Small tables were attached to larger chairs, their symmetry compromised by a seemingly haphazard arrangement; a blank screen finished off the set design. The forms were dark and mysterious, but as I knew, we were where we ought to be.

I led my companion to the master. "Here is my betrothed," I announced, proud to serve. We faced the great teacher. His black clothes, stylish and painfully tight, made his oval face seem inhumanly white. Slowly his sleepy eyes opened. "Yes," he said tellingly, "she will be a fine student."

She and I sat together in the front row. I could feel her awe - the master's voice was working its magic on her already! - yet I knew she hesitated. So many hesitate before submission to a great mind. I understood then that our session would be long, maybe fifty minutes in total, and exhausting, but that, in the end, she would feel his phallic strength. He lay down on the carpet and, assuming another guise, looked at the ceiling. "This ceiling," he said, "is indeterminate. It may not truly be." She and I nodded seriously. "It has been made unreal. Abstraction, distortion." We nodded again. "Ah, the influence of Monck. I will rise now," he concluded.

Unbending, he rose in a single movement. It shocked my companion; she gasped, seeing his head rise from its dormant position to one of immense strength, above us. I bowed my head. "Oh, the power you have over us," I

babbled.

"Hey, don't you know authoritarianism is uncool," my companion spat out.

"Yes," said the master.

"But dude, you are authoritarian."

"No." The man smiled indulgently. "You do not yet understand. You are a novice. I preach against the forces of evil. I build in their place something that is not so uncouth or uncanny, something pure from the impure. You may call my methods authoritarian, but it is something else completely. You slander me with your generalisations. All endowment is not evil. The absolute power I wield over you is beautiful, my young pledge."

My friend groaned. How I wanted to help her! Still I knew that my purpose was in bringing her to the professor, my saviour, and that only he could teach her the true path of knowledge amidst the distorted forms of two-two-two. She struggled to comprehend these new concepts. "Purity and impurity," she started, "are, y'know, totally subjective. Why should I believe in your so-called purity. It's booty. Show me impurity. Do it, man." I wanted to scream; she had challenged the master. He would not spare her soul. Indeed not. He turned to the blank screen behind us and, magically, there appeared a single image of light and dark: a pear, nothing more, a pear delineated against a white background, resting on nothingness, defying natural law. It was a sumptuous pear. Then, with a gesture of his finger, the screen changed. My companion looked in horror. There, where the beautiful pear had been, now reposed the same pear in decay. The skin had browned and wrinkled and the rotting fruit was oozing forth, trapped in a still image of hell.

"Existence rots purity," said the angst-ridden master. "You see here how it can happen."

My friend rose in fury. "No, I haven't seen anything of the sort. You

made the pear rot. It was unnatural."

"Precisely. There is something in the natural that is inherently unnatural."

"Man, you are on majorly bad drugs," she said, retaking her seat. How could my companion spit these words at the master? How?

The master, though, was not insulted. Without hesitation he removed his clothes and his body stood, exposed, before us. "This is purity," he said with an appreciative glance at himself. Holding aloft his empty clothes, he explained, "This is impurity. These clothes, objectively, are not of my being. Yet because I wear them, they are, subjectively, a part of me. They have been made true by my force of will."

My companion appraised the sight before her. She had recovered quickly from the initial electric shock of his naked purity. "Those clothes are totally cool: where did you get them, man?"

"A funky place on Queen Street," answered the master, "but that's

really not the point. The question I pose to you is, why, if you believe that I have profoundly changed the essence of these utterly wicked threads, can you not believe that the natural can be made unnatural, that the pear can rot?"

"But I do believe, I really do. It's solid," she cooed perceptively, as she moved forward to kneel before the vision of one so great. "Now, I understand. You are the master. Totally." I joined her at his feet. We were the blessedly devoted.

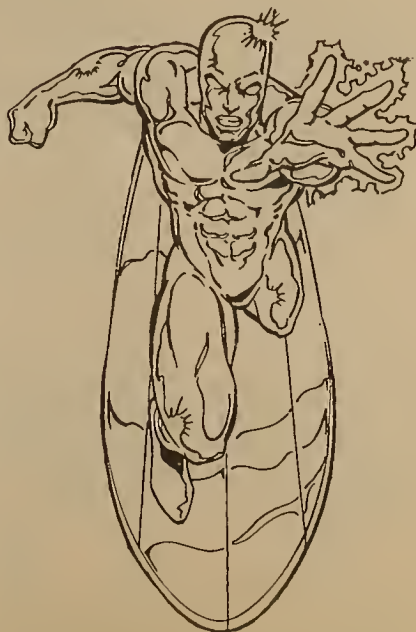
Somewhat later, we left the room for the mundane existence that the unbelieving call the "real world". There were many colours to be seen, and true vanishing points. It was tedious. We were silent, and I knew that my friend was thinking about the profound change that had occurred in the depths of her soul, and elsewhere. "Man, that was awesome," she said, breathless. "German Expressionism is so cool." I nodded, already thinking forward to next Tuesday, anticipating the master's lecture on the Kammerspiel.

### Innis Herald General Meeting:

Everyone Welcome

Sunday, November 13th  
7:00 p.m.

2 Sussex Avenue  
in the Pit!



### The Lion and the Unicorn

by Erinn Freypons

So strong and yet so frail  
Your silent fingers trace  
The frozen stone cold lines  
That frame my saddened face.

Whatever are we doing  
Alive in this lost space?

How is it that your beauty

Amidst the evil and the dead  
Can shine like a furious Sun  
And bring illumination to the dead?

Whatever are we doing  
Alive in this lost place,  
Wearing the purest image  
Of wedded soft white lace.

### Chutzpah

Arms Reaching.  
Rubber, Metal, PLASTIC.  
A bunch of pink flowers filling a bowl.  
No time, no place  
No SenSe of RhYthEm.  
A volcanic embryo of cryogenic fastfood, delivered and served.  
For a goblet filled with tears  
From a torn out  
Masonry of forgotten dreams.

A wretched abomination  
reduxed from some assiduous attorney  
sent from the bowels of the  
LIGHT! Laughter!  
Children?

Exacerbated Philandering.  
A missive irrevocably  
turned from its destination.

climax

-anonymous